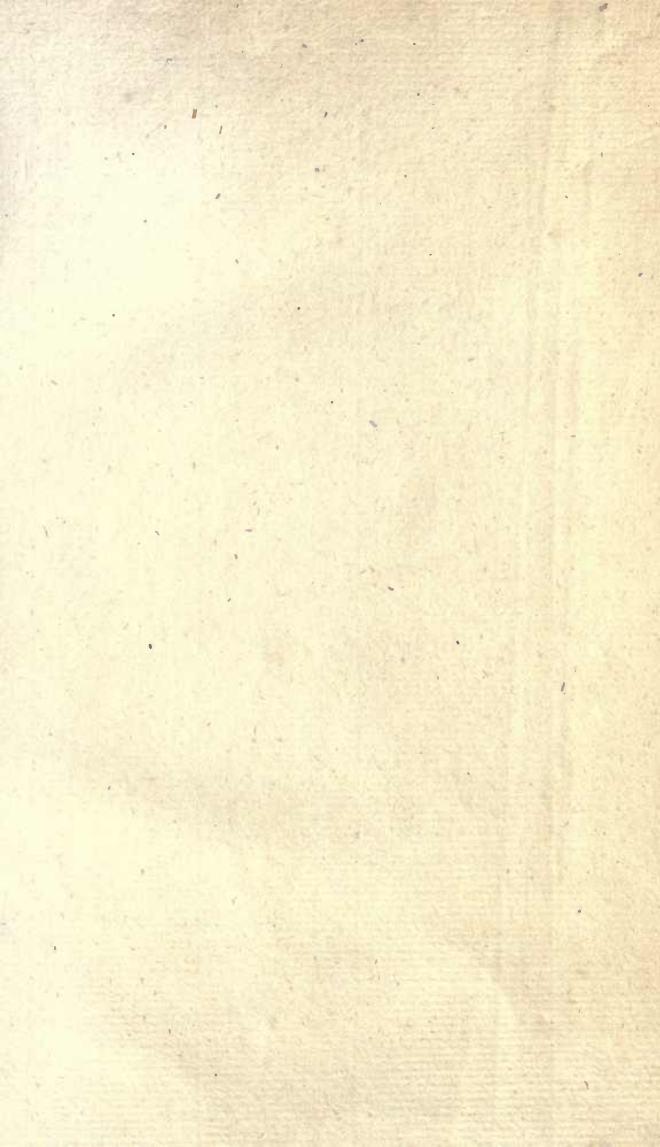
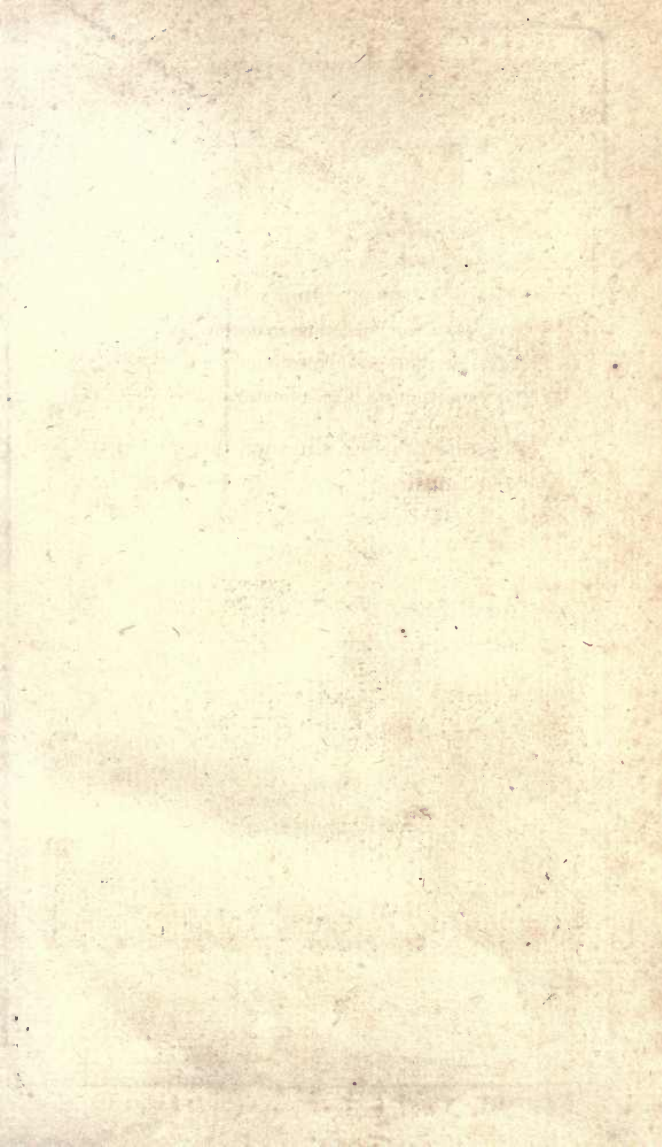


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C R I T I C I S M S
O N T H E
R O L L I A D.

P A R T T H E F I R S T.

THE NINTH EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.



L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR J. RIDGWAY, NO. 1, YORK-STREET,
ST. JAMES'S-SQUARE.
MDCCXCI.

CRITICAL

OF THE

ROMAN

PART THE FIRST

THE NINTH EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. RIDGWAY, NO. 1, YORK-STREET,
ST. JAMES'S-SQUARE.
MDCCCXI.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE CRITICISMS on the *ROLLIAD*, in their original form, excited such a general curiosity, that three spurious editions have already been sold, independently of their publication in various of the Daily Papers, and Monthly Magazines. Such a marked testimony in their favour, cannot but be peculiarly flattering to us. We therefore thought it incumbent on us in return, to exert our utmost endeavours in rendering them, as far as our judgment will direct us, yet more worthy of that attention with which they have been honoured, imperfect as they fell from us, through a channel, that did not seem necessarily to demand any very great degree of precision.

In the present edition some few passages have been expunged; others softened; many enlarged; more corrected: and two whole numbers, with the greater part of a

third, are altogether new. A poeticoprosopœical Dedication to SIR LLOYD KENYON has also been added ; and an Appendix is now given, consisting of Miscellaneous Pieces, to which the Criticisms incidentally refer.

It may perhaps give offence to some very chastized judgments, that in this our authentic edition, we have subjoined notes on a professed commentary. Some short explanations, however, appeared occasionally necessary, more especially as the subjects of Political Wit in their very nature are fugitive and evanescent. We only fear that our illustrations have not been sufficiently frequent, as we have privately been asked to what “ Mr. Hardinge’s Arithmetic ” in the Dedication alluded ; so little impression was made on the public by the learned Gentleman’s elaborate calculation of the Orations spoken, and the time expended in the discussion of the Westminster Scrutiny ! Indeed, we have known persons even ignorant, that Sir Lloyd Kenyon voted for his stables.

This

This Edition has further been ornamented with a Tree of the Genealogy, and the Arms, Motto, and Crest, of the ROLLOS, now ROLLES; for an explanation of which we beg leave to refer the reader to page ix. The Genealogy is likewise given at full length from the Morning Herald, where it was originally published, and was probably the foundation of the ROLLIAD. It is therefore inserted in its proper place, before the first extract from the Dedication to the Poem, which immediately preceded the first Numbers of the CRITICISMS.

This Edition has been care-
fully revised with a view to the accuracy and
the value of the text, and the
new figures for an expansion of the
text have been taken from the revised page in
the Genesis is likewise given at full
length from the Morning Herald, where
it was originally published, and was pro-
bably the foundation of the Novata. It
is therefore inserted in its proper place, be-
fore the full extract from the Dedication
to the Poem, which immediately preceded
the first numbers of the Novata.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

ONE very large impression of the following work being already sold, and the demand for it daily increasing, it is now a second time submitted to the Public, revised and corrected from the many literal errors, which, with every precaution, will too often deform a first edition; especially when circumstances render an early publication necessary.

In the present edition some few alterations have been made, but none of any considerable magnitude; except that the Appendix of Miscellaneous Pieces is here suppressed. This has been done, in some degree, for the conveniency of binding this first part of the CRITICISMS ON THE ROLLIAD with the second and third parts,
now

now shortly to follow ; but more indeed, in consequence of a design, which we at present entertain, of printing most of those pieces with other productions of the same Authors in one octavo volume, under the title of *POLITICAL MISCELLANIES*.

As the bulk and matter of the book are thus diminished, the price also is proportionally reduced. Where *THE CRITICISMS* seem to require any elucidation from the contents of the former Appendix, extracts are now given at the bottom of the page instead of the references in our former Edition.

This slight change we flatter ourselves will not be disapproved by the Public ; and we hope, that they will not receive with a less degree of favour the intimation here given of the *Miscellaneous Volume*, which will probably be published in the course of the ensuing winter.

Expla-

Explanation of the FRONTISPIECE and TITLE-PAGE.

THE FRONTISPIECE represents Duke ROLLO, with his Sword and Ducal Coronet lying by his side. It is supposed to be a striking likeness, and was copied from a painting in the Window of a Church at Rouen in Normandy. From this illustrious Warrior springs a Tree of the Genealogy of the ROLLOS, now ROLLES. The most eminent of this great Family alone are noticed. The particulars of their history may be found in page xxvii and xxviii.

The TITLE-PAGE exhibits the Arms, Motto, and Crest of the Family. The Arms are, Three French Rolls, Or, between two Rolls of Parchment, Proper, placed in form of a Cheveron on a Field Argent—The Motto is *Jouez bien votre Rôle*, or, as we have sometimes seen it spelt—*Rolle*. The Crest, which has been lately changed by the present Mr. ROLLE, is a half-length of the Master of the Rolls, like a Lion demi-rampant with a Roll of Parchment instead of a Pheon's Head between his Paws.

DEDICATION.

To Sir Lloyd Kenyon, Bart.

MASTER OF THE ROLLS, &c. &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOUR,

IT was originally my intention to have dedicated the CRITICISMS on the ROLLIAD, as the ROLLIAD itself is dedicated to the illustrious character, from whose hereditary name the Poem derives its title; and*, as I some time since apprized the public, I had actually obtained his permission to lay this little work at his feet. No sooner, however, was he made acquainted with my after-thought of inscribing my book to YOUR HONOUR, but, with the liberality, which ever marks a great mind, he wrote to me of his own accord, declaring his compleat acquiescence in the propriety of the alteration. For if I may take the liberty of transcribing his own ingeni-

* In a Postscript originally subjoined to the 8 Number.

ous and modest expression, “ I am myself,” said he, “ but *a simple Rolle*; SIR
“ LLOYD KENYON *is a Master of Rolls.*”

Great ROLLO's heir, whose cough, whose laugh, whose
groan,

The' Antæus EDMUND has so oft o'erthrown;

Whose cry of “ question” silenc'd CHARLES's sense,

That cry, more powerful than PITT's eloquence;

Ev'n he, thus high in glory, as in birth,

Yields willing way to thy superior worth.

Indeed, if I had not been so happy as to receive this express sanction of Mr. ROLLE's concurrence, I should nevertheless have thought myself justified in presuming it from the very distinguished testimony, which he has lately borne to your merits, by taking a demi-rampant of YOUR HONOUR for his crest; a circumstance, in my opinion, so highly complimentary to YOUR HONOUR, that I was studious to have it as extensively known as possible. I have therefore given directions to my Publisher, to exhibit your portrait, with the ROLLE Arms and Motto, by way of Vignette in the Title Page; that displayed, as I trust
it

it will be at the Window of every Book-seller in Great-Britain, it may thus attract the admiration of the most incurious, as they pass along the streets. This solicitude, to diffuse the knowledge of your person, as widely as your fame, may possibly occasion some little distress to your modesty; yet permit me to hope, SIR LLOYD, that the motive will plead my pardon; and, perhaps, even win the approbation of your smile; if you can be supposed to smile without offence to the gravity of that nature, which seems from your very birth to have marked you for a Judge.

Behold the' Engraver's mimic labours trace

The sober image of that sapient face :

See him, in each peculiar charm exact,

Below dilate it, and above contract ;

For Nature thus, inverting her design,

From vulgar ovals hath distinguish'd thine :

See him each nicer character supply,

The pert no-meaning puckering round the eye,

The mouth in plaits precise demurely clos'd,

Each order'd feature, and each line compos'd,

Where Wisdom sits a-squat, in starch disguise,

Like Dulness couch'd, to catch us by surprise.

And

And now he spreads around thy pomp of wig,
 In owl-like pride of legal honours big ;
 That wig, which once of curl on curl profuse,
 In well-kept buckle stiff, and smugly spruce,
 Deck'd the plain Pleader ; then in nobler taste,
 With well-friz'd bush the' Attorney-General grac'd ;
 And widely waving now with ampler flow,
 Still with thy titles and thy fame shall grow.
 Behold, SIR LLOYD, and while with fond delight
 The dear resemblance feasts thy partial sight,
 Smile, if thou canst ; and, smiling, on this book
 Cast the glad omen of one favouring look.

But it is on public grounds, that I principally wish to vindicate my choice of YOUR HONOUR for my Patron. The ROLLIAD, I have reason to believe, owed its existence to the * memorable speech of the Member for Devonshire on the first discussion of the Westminster Scrutiny, when he so emphatically proved himself the genuine descendant of DUKE ROLLO ; and in the noble contempt which he

* Mr. Rolle said, " he could not be kept all the summer debating about the rights of the Westminster Electors. His private concerns were of more importance to him, than his right as a Westminster Elector."

avowed, for the boasted rights of Electors, seemed to breathe the very soul of his great progenitor, who came to extirpate the liberties of Englishmen with the Sword. It must be remembered, however, that YOUR HONOUR ministered the occasion to his glory. You, SIR LLOYD, have ever been reputed the immediate Author of the Scrutiny. Your opinion is said to have been privately consulted on the framing of the Return; and your public defence of the High-Bailiff's proceeding, notoriously furnished Mr. ROLLE, and the other friends of the Minister, with all the little argument, which they advanced against the objected exigency of the Writ. You taught them to reverence that holy thing, the Conscience of a Returning Officer, above all Law, Precedent, Analogy, Public Expediency, and the popular Right of Representation, to which our Forefathers erroneously paid religious respect, as to the most sacred franchise of our Constitution. You prevailed on them to manifest an impartiality singularly honourable; and to prefer the sanctity of this single Conscience,

to a round dozen of the most immaculate consciences, chosen in the purest possible manner from their own pure House of Commons.

Thine is the glorious measure ; thine alone :

Thee, Father of the Scrutiny, we own.

Ah ! without thee, what treasures had we lost,

More worth, than twenty Scrutinies would cost !

To' instruct the Vestry, and convince the House,

What Law from MURPHY ! what plain sense from
ROUS !

What wit from MULGRAVE ! from DUNDAS, what
truth !

What perfect virtue from the VIRTUOUS YOUTH !

What deep research from ARDEN the profound !

What argument from BEARCROFT ever found !

By MUNCASTER, what generous offers made ;

By HARDINGE, what arithmetic display'd !

And, oh ! what rhetoric, from MAHON that broke

In printed speeches, which he never spoke !

Ah ! without thee, what worth neglected long,

Had wanted still its dearest meed of song !

In vain high-blooded ROLLE, unknown to fame,

Had boasted still the honours of his name :

In vain had exercis'd his noble spleen

On BURKE and Fox—the ROLLIAD had not been.

But,

But, alas ! SIR LLOYD, at the very moment, while I am writing, intelligence has reached me, that the Scrutiny is at an end. Your favourite measure is no more. The child of your affection has met a sudden and a violent fate. I trust, however, that “ the Ghost of the departed Scrutiny ” (in the bold but beautiful language of Mr. DUNDAS) will yet haunt the spot, where it was brought forth, where it was fostered, and where it fell. Like the Ghost of Hamlet it shall be a perturbed spirit, though it may not come in a questionable shape. It shall fleet before the eyes of those to whom it was dear, to admonish them, how they rush into future dangers ; to make known the secret of its private hoards ; or to confess to them the sins of its former days, and to implore their piety, that they would give peace to its shade, by making just reparation. Perhaps too, it may sometimes visit the murderer, like the ghost of Banquo, to dash his joys. It cannot indeed rise up in its proper form to push him from his seat, yet it may assume some other

C

formidable

formidable appearance to be his eternal tormentor. These, however, are but visionary consolations, while every loyal bosom must feel substantial affliction from the late iniquitous vote, tyrannically compelling the High-Bailiff to make a return after an enquiry of nine months only ; especially when you had so lately armed him with all power necessary to make his enquiry effectual.

• Ah ! how shall I the' unrighteous vote bewail ?

Again corrupt Majorities prevail.

Poor CORBETT's Conscience, tho' a little loth,

Must blindly gape, and gulp the' untasted oath ;

If he, whose conscience never felt a qualm,

If GROJAN fail the good-man's doubts to calm.

No more shall MORGAN, for his six months hire,

Contend, that Fox should share the' expence of fire ;

Whole

• I shall give the Reader in one continued note, what information I think necessary for understanding these verses. During the six months that the Scrutiny continued in St. Martin's, the most distinguish'd exhibition of Mr. Morgan's talents was the maintenance of an argument, that Mr. Fox ought to pay half the expence of fire in the room where the Witnesses attended. The learned Gentleman is familiarly called *Frog*, to which I presume the Author alludes

Whole Sessions shall he *croak*, nor bear away
 The price, that paid the silence of a day :
 No more, till COLLICK some new story hatch,
 Long-winded Rous for hours shall praise Dispatch ;
 COLLICK to Wigs and Warrants back shall sink,
 And Rous, a Pamphleteer, re-plunge in ink :
 MURPHY again French Comedies shall steal,
 Call them his own, and garble, to conceal ;
 Or, pilfering still, and patching without grace
 His thread-bare shreds of Virgil out of place,
 With Dress, and Scenery, Attitude and Trick,
 Swords, Daggers, Shouts, and Trumpets in the nick,
 With Ahs ! and Ohs ! Starts, Pauses, Rant, and Rage,
 Give a new GRECIAN DAUGHTER to the Stage :
 But, Oh, SIR CECIL !—Fled to shades again
 From the proud roofs, which here he rais'd in vain,
 He seeks, unhappy ! with the Muse to cheer
 His rising griefs, or drown them in small-beer ;

alludes in the word *croak*.—Mr. Rous spoke two hours to recommend Expedition. At the time the late Parliament was dissolved, he wrote two Pamphlets in favour of the Ministry. I have forgot the titles of these Pamphlets, as probably the reader has too, if he ever knew them. However, I can assure him of the fact.—Mr. Collick, the Witness-General of Sir Cecil Wray, is a Hair-Merchant and Justice of Peace. Sir Cecil's taste both for Poetry and Small-beer are well known, as is the present unfinished state of his newly-fronted house in Pall-Mall.

Alas! the Muse capricious flies the hour
When most we need her, and the beer is four:
Mean time Fox thunders faction uncontrol'd,
Crown'd with fresh laurels, from new triumphs bold.

These general evils arising from the termination of the Scrutiny, YOUR HONOUR, I doubt not, will sincerely lament in common with all true lovers of their King and Country. But in addition to these, you, SIR LLOYD, have particular cause to regret, that* “the last hair in this tail of procrastination” is plucked. I well know, what eager anxiety you felt to establish the suffrage, which you gave, as the delegate of your Coach-horses: and I unaffectedly condole with you, that you have lost this great opportunity of displaying your unfathomable knowledge and irresistible logic to the confusion of your enemies. How learnedly would you have quoted the memorable instance of Darius, who was elected King of Persia by the casting vote

* “This appears to be the last hair in the tail of procrastination.” The Master of the Rolls, who first used this phrase, is a most eloquent speaker. See Lord Mulg, *Essays on Eloquence*, Vol. II.

of his Horse ! Though indeed the merits of that election have been since impeached, not from any alledged illegality of the vote itself, if it had been fairly given ; but because some jockeyship has been suspected, and the voter, it has been said, was bribed the night before the election ! How ably too would you have applied the case of Caligula's horse, who was chosen Consul of Rome ! For if he was capable of being elected, (you would have said) *à fortiori*, there could have been no natural impediment to his being an elector ; since *omne majus continet in se minus*, and the trust is certainly greater to fill the first offices of the state, than to have one share among many in appointing to them. Neither can I suppose that you would have omitted so grave and weighty an authority as Captain Gulliver, who, in the course of his voyages, discovered a country, where Horses discharged every Duty of Political Society. You might then have passed to the early history of our own island, and have expatiated on the known veneration in which horses were held by our Saxon Ancestors ;
who,

who, by the way, are supposed also to have been the founders of Parliaments. You might have touched on their famous standard; digressed to the antiquities of the White Horse, in Berkshire, and other similar monuments in different counties; and from thence have urged the improbability, that when they instituted elections, they should have neglected the rights of an animal, thus highly esteemed and almost sanctified among them. I am afraid indeed, that with all your Religion and Loyalty, you could not have made much use of the White Horse of Death, or the White Horse of Hanover. But for a *bonne bouche*, how beautifully might you have introduced your favourite maxim of *ubi ratio, ibi jus!* and to prove the reason of the thing, how convincingly might you have descanted, in an elegant panegyric on the virtues and abilities of horses, from Xanthus the Grecian Conjuring Horse, whose prophecies are celebrated by Homer, down to the Learned Little Horse over Westminster Bridge! with whom you might have concluded, lamenting that, as he is not an
Elector,

Electer, the Vestry could not have the assistance of one, capable of doing so much more justice to the question than yourself! —Pardon me, SIR LLOYD, that I have thus attempted to follow the supposed course of your oratory. I feel it to be truly inimitable. Yet such was the impression made on my mind by some of YOUR HONOUR'S late reasonings respecting the Scrutiny, that I could not withstand the involuntary impulse of endeavouring, for my own improvement, to attain some faint likeness of that wonderful pertinency and cogency, which I so much admired in the great original.

How shall the neighing kind thy deeds requite,
Great YAHOO Champion of the HOUYHNHNM'S right?
In grateful memory may thy dock-tail pair,
Unharm'd convey thee with sure-footed care.
Oh! may they gently pacing o'er the stones
With no rude shock annoy thy batter'd bones,
Crush thy judicial cauliflow'r, and down
Shower the mix'd lard and powder o'er thy gown;
Or in unseemly wrinkles crease that band,
Fair work of fairer LADY KENYON'S hand.

No!—

No!—May the pious brutes, with measur'd swing,
 Assist the friendly motion of the spring,
 While golden dreams of perquisites and fees
 Employ thee, slumbering o'er thine own decrees.
 But when a Statesman in St. Stephen's walls
 Thy Country claims thee, and the Treasury calls,
 To pour thy splendid bile in bitter tide
 On hardened Sinners who with Fox divide,
 Then may they rattling on in jumbling trot
 With rage and jolting make thee doubly hot,
 Fire thy Welch blood, enflamed with zeal and leeks,
 And kindle the red terrors of thy cheeks,
 Till all thy gather'd wrath in furious fit
 On RIGBY bursts—unless he votes with PITT.

I might here, SIR LLOYD, launch into a new panegyric on the subject of this concluding couplet. But in this I shall imitate your moderation, who, for reasons best known to yourself, have long abandoned to Mr. ROLLE * “those loud and repeated calls on notorious defaulters, which will never be forgiven by certain patriots.” Besides, I consider your public-spirited behaviour in the late Election and Scrutiny

* Mr. Ridgway tells me, he thinks there is something like these words in one of the Reviews, where the ROLLIAD is criticised.

for Westminster, as the great monument of your fame to all posterity. I have, therefore, dwelt on this,—more especially as it was immediately connected with the origin of the *ROLLIAD*—till my dedication has run to such a length, that I cannot think of detaining your valuable time any longer; unless merely to request YOUR HONOUR'S zealous protection of a work which may be in some sort attributed to you, as its ultimate cause, which is embellished with your portrait, and which now records in this address, the most brilliant exploit of your political glory.

Choak'd by a *Roll*, 'tis said, that OTWAY died;

OTWAY the Tragic Muse's tender pride.

Oh! may my ROLLE to me thus favour'd give

A better fate;—that I may eat, and live!

I am, YOUR HONOUR'S

Most obedient,

Most respectful,

Most devoted, humble servant,

THE EDITOR.

The following is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Bank of the City of New York, held on the 1st day of January, 1864, at the City Hall, New York.

SHORT ACCOUNT

OF THE FAMILY OF THE

ROLLOS, now ROLLES,

FAITHFULLY EXTRACTED FROM THE

RECORDS OF THE HERALD'S OFFICE.

JOHN ROLLE, Esq. is descended from the ancient Duke ROLLO, of Normandy; ROLLO passed over into Britain, anno 983, where he soon begat another ROLLO, upon the wife of a Saxon drummer. Our young ROLLO was distinguished by his gigantic stature, and, as we learn from ODERICUS VITALIS, was slain by Hildebrand, the Danish Champion, in a fit of jealousy. We find in Camden, that the race of the ROLLOS fell into adversity in the reign of Stephen, and in the succeeding reign, GASPAR DE ROLLO was an Ostler in Denbighshire.—But during the unhappy contests of York and Lancaster, William de Wyrcester, and the continuator of the annals of Croyland have it, that the ROLLOS became Scheriffes of Devon. “*Scheriffi Devonienfes ROLLI fuerunt*”—and in another passage, “*arrestaverunt Debitores plurime*”

plurime ROLLORUM"—hence a doubt in Pabian, whether this ROLLO was not Bailiff, *ipse potius quam Scheriffus*. From this period, however they gradually advanced in circumstances; ROLLO, in Henry the VIIIth, being amerced in 800 marks for pilfering two manchetts of beef from the King's buttery, the which, saith Selden, *facillime payavit*.

In 7th and 8th of Phil. and Mar. three ROLLOS indeed were gibetted for piracy, and from that date the family changed the final O of the name into an E. In the latter annals of the ROLLOS, now ROLLES, but little of consequence is handed down to us. We have it that TIMOTHY ROLLE of Plympton, in the 8th of Queen Anne, endowed three alms-houses in said town. JEREMIAH his second son was counted the fattest man of his day, and DOROTHEA ROLLE his third cousin died of a terrible dysentery. From this period the ROLLES have burst upon public notice, with such a blaze of splendour, as renders all further accounts of this illustrious race entirely unnecessary.

EXTRACT

EXTRACT FROM THE DEDICATION

OF THE

ROLLIAD,

AN

EPIC POEM,

IN

TWELVE BOOKS.

WHEN Norman ROLLO fought fair Albion's coast,
(Long may his offspring prove their country's
boast!)

Thy genius, Britain, sure inspir'd his soul

To bless this island with the race of ROLLE.

Illustrious ROLLE! O may thy honour'd name

Roll down distinguish'd on the *Rolls* of fame!

Still first be found on Devon's county polls!

Still future Senates boast their future ROLLES!

Since of all *Rolls* which in this world we see,

The world has ne'er produc'd a *Roll* like thee.

Hot *Rolls* and butter break the Briton's fast,

Thy speeches yield a more sublime repast.

Compar'd to thine, how shall their boasted heat!

Nor, mix'd with treacle, are they half so sweet.

O'er *Rolls* of parchment Antiquarians pore,

Thy mind, O ROLLE, affords a richer store.

Let those on law or history who write,

To *Rolls* of Parliament resort for light,

White

Whilst o'er our Senate, from our living ROLLE
 Beam the bright rays of an enlighten'd soul ;
 In wonder lost, we slight their uselefs stuff,
 And feel one ROLLE of Parliament enough.
 The skill'd musician to direct his band,
 Waves high a Roll of paper in his hand ;
 When PITT would drown the eloquence of BURKE,
 You seem the ROLLE best suited to his work ;
 His well-train'd band, obedient know their cue,
 And cough and groan in unison with you.
 Thy god-like ancestor, in valour tried,
 Still bravely fought by conqu'ring WILLIAM's side ;
 In British blood he drench'd his purple sword,
 Proud to partake the triumphs of his lord :
 So you, with zeal, support through each debate,
 The conqu'ring WILLIAM of a latter date :
 Whene'er he speaks, attentive still to cheer
 The lofty nothing with a friendly " hear,"
 And proud your leader's glory to promote,
 Partake his triumph in a faithful vote.
 Ah ! sure while Coronets like hailstones fly,
 When Peers are made, the Gods alone know why,
 Thy hero's gratitude, O ROLLE, to thee,
 A ducal diadem might well decree ;
 Great ROLLO's title to thy house restore,
 Let E usurp the place of O no more.
 Then ROLLE himself should be what ROLLO was before.

CRITICISMS

ON

THE ROLLIAD.

NUMBER I.

“Credite Romani Scriptores, cedite Græci.”

NOTHING can be more consonant to the advice of Horace and Aristotle, than the conduct of our author throughout this poem. The action is one, entire and great event, being the procreation of a child on the wife of a Saxon Drummer. The Poem opens with a most laboured and masterly description of a storm. ROLLO's state of mind in this arduous situation is finely painted:

Now ROLLO storms more loudly than the wind,

Now doubts and black despair perplex his mind;

Hopeless to see his vessel safely harbour'd,

He hardly knows his starboard for his larboard!

That

That a hero in distress should not know his right hand from his left, is most natural and affecting; in other hands, indeed, it would not have appeared sufficiently poetical, but the technical expressions of our author convey the idea in all the blaze of metaphor. The storm at length subsides, and ROLLO is safely landed on the coast of Suffex. His first exploit, like that of Æneas, is deer-stealing. He then sets out in the disguise of a Suffex Smuggler, to obtain intelligence of the country and its inhabitants:

Wrapt in a close great-coat, he plods along;

A seeming Smuggler, to deceive the throng.

This expedient of the Smuggler's Great-coat, we must acknowledge, is not quite so Epic, as the veil of clouds, with which Minerva, in the *Odyssæy*, and Venus in the *Æneid*, surround their respective heroes. It is, however, infinitely more natural, and gains in propriety, what it loses in sublimity. Thus disguised, our adventurer arrives at the Country-house of Dame SHIP-TON, a lady of exquisite beauty, and first Concubine

Concubine to the Usurper HAROLD. Her likeness (as we all know) is still preserved at the wax-work in Fleet-street. To this lady ROLLO discovers himself, and is received by her in the most hospitable manner. At supper, he relates to her, with great modesty, his former actions, and his design of conquering England; in which (charmed with the grace with which he eats and tells stories) she promises to assist him, and they set off together for London. In the third book Dame SHIPTON, or as the author styles her, SHIPTONIA, proposes a party to the puppet shew; on the walk they are surprized by a shower, and retire under Temple-bar, where Shiptonia forgets her fidelity to Harold. We are sorry to observe, that this incident is not sufficiently poetical, nor does Shiptonia part with her chastity in so solemn a manner as Dido in the *Æneid*. In the opening of the fourth book likewise, we think our author inferior to Virgil, whom he exactly copies, and in some places translates; he begins in this manner:

E

But

But now (for thus it was decreed above)

SHIPTONIA falls excessively in love ;

In every vein, great ROLLO's eyes and fame,

Light up, and then add fuel to the flame !

His words, his beauty, stick within her breast,

Nor do her cares afford her any rest.

Here we think that Virgil's " hærent infixi pectore vultus verbaque," is ill translated by the prosaic word *stick*. We must confess, however, that from the despair and death of Shiptonia, to the battle of Hastings, in which ROLLO kills with his own hand the Saxon Drummer, and carries off his wife, the Poem abounds with beautiful details, cold-blooded matter of facts. Critics may perhaps object that it appears from the Genealogy of the Rolloes, Duke ROLLO came to England more than 60 years before the Battle of Hastings; though the Poet represents him as the principal hero in that memorable engagement. But such deviations from history are among the common licences of poetry. Thus Virgil, for the sake of a beautiful Episode, makes Dido live in the time of Æneas, whereas she

she lived in reality 200 years before the Trojan war; and if authority more in point be desired, Mr. Cumberland wrote a Tragedy, called the Battle of Hastings, in which there was not a single event, except the death of Harold, that had the slightest foundation in historical facts, or even probability.

But the sixth book, in which ROLLO almost despairing of success, descends into a Night Cellar to consult the illustrious MERLIN on his future destiny, is a masterpiece of elegance. In this book, as the Philosopher's magic lantern exhibits the characters of all ROLLO's descendants, and even all those who are to act on the same stage with the Marcellus of the piece, the present illustrious Mr. ROLLE, we mean to select in our next number some of the most striking passages of this inexhaustible Magazine of Poetry!

NUMBER II.

OUR author, after giving an account of the immediate descendants of ROLLO, finds himself considerably embarrassed by the three unfortunate ROLLOS*, whom history relates to have been hanged. From this difficulty, however, he relieves himself, by a contrivance equally new and arduous, viz. by versifying the bill of indictment, and inserting in it a flaw, by which they are saved from condemnation. But in the transactions of those early times, however dignified the phraseology, and enlivened by fancy, there is little to amaze and less to interest; let us hasten, therefore, to those characters about whom, not to be solicitous, is to want curiosity, and whom not to admire, is to want gratitude—to those characters, in short, whose splendour illuminates the present House of Commons.

* See the Genealogy, p. 27, 28.

Of these, our author's principal favourite appears to be that amiable * young Nobleman, whose Diary we have all perused with so much pleasure. Of him he says,——

———Superior to abuse,

He nobly glories in the name of GOOSE ;

Such Geese at Rome from the perfidious Gaul,

Preferv'd the Treas'ry-Bench and Capitol, &c. &c.

In the description of Lord MAHON, our author departs a little from his wonted gravity,——

———This Quixote of the Nation,

Beats his own Windmills in gesticulation,

To *strike*, not *please*, his utmost force he bends,

And all his sense is at his fingers ends, &c. &c.

But the most beautiful effort of our author's genius, (if we except only the character of Mr. ROLLE himself) is contained in the description of Mr. PITT.

* Lord Graham.

Pert without fire, without experience sage,
 Young with more art than SHELBURNE glean'd from age,
 Too proud from pilfer'd greatness to descend,
 Too humble not to call DUNDAS his friend,
 In solemn dignity and fullen state,
 This new Oëtavius rises to debate !
 Mild and more mild he sees each placid row
 Of Country Gentlemen with rapture glow ;
 He sees, convuls'd with sympathetic throbs,
 Apprentice Peers, and deputy Nabobs !
 Nor Rum Contractors think his speech too long,
 While words, like treacle, trickle from his Tongue !
 O Soul congenial to the Souls of ROLLES !
 Whether you tax the luxury of Coals,
 Or vote some necessary Millions more,
 To feed an Indian friend's exhausted store.
 Fain would I praise (if I like thee could praise)
 Thy matchless virtues in congenial lays.
 But, Ah ! too weak, &c. &c.

This apology, however, is like the
nolo episcopari of Bishops ; for our au-
 thor continues his panegyric during about
 one hundred and fifty lines more, after
 which he proceeds to a task (as he says)
 more congenial to his abilities, and paints

— in smooth confectionary stile,

The simpering sadness of his MULGRAVE's simile.

From

From the character of this nobleman we shall only select a part of one couplet, which tends to elucidate our author's astonishing powers in imitative harmony.

——“ within his lab’ring throat

The shrill shriek struggles with the harsh hoarse note.”

As we mean to excite, and not to satisfy at once the curiosity of our readers, we shall here put a period to our extracts for the present. We cannot, however, conclude this essay, without observing, that there are very few lines in the whole work which are at all inferior to those we have selected for the entertainment of our readers.

NUMBER III.

IN proof of the assurance with which we concluded our last number, we shall now proceed to give the character of **SIR RICHARD HILL.**

Our Readers, probably, are well acquainted with the worthy Baronet's promiscuous quotations from the Bible and Rochester; and they may possibly remember (if they were awake, when they read them) some elegant verses, which he repeated in the House of Commons, and afterwards inserted in the public papers, as the production of a sleepless Night. We know not, however, if they may so easily recal to mind his remarkable declaration, both of his Loyalty and Religion, in the prettily-turned phrase, "that indeed he loved King **GEORGE** very well, but he loved King **JESUS** better." But as our Poet has alluded to it, we thought it necessary to mention it; and for the same reason

reason to add, that like Lord MAHON, Major SCOTT, Mr. ATKINSON, Mr. WILKES, and Captain J. LUTTRELL, he writes his own speeches for the public Reporters. We should also have been happy to have enlivened our commentary with some extracts from the controversy, at which our Author glances; we mean the answer of Sir Richard to Mr. Madan, on the doctrine of Polygamy; a subject, which the tenour of our Baronet's reading in his two favourite books, peculiarly qualified him to handle with equally pleasantry and orthodoxy. But all our industry to procure his pamphlet, unfortunately proved ineffectual. We never saw more of it than the title-page, which we formerly purchased, in the lining of a trunk, at the corner of St. Paul's Church-yard.

We are conscious, that these introductory explanations must seem doubly dull, to Readers impatient for such exquisite poetry as the ROLLIAD. They appeared, however, indispensable to the due understand-

ing of the verses, which we shall now give without further preface.

Brother of ROWLAND, or, if yet more dear,
 Sounds thy new title, Cousin of a Peer ;
 Scholar of various learning, good or evil,
 Alike what God inspir'd, or what the Devil ;
 Speaker well skill'd, what no man hears, to write ;
 Sleep-giving Poet of a sleepless night ;
 Polemic, Politician, Saint, and Wit,
 Now lashing MADAN, now defending PITT ;
 Thy praise shall live till time itself be o'er,
 Friend of King GEORGE, tho' of King JESUS more !

The solemnity of this opening is well suited to the dignity of the occasion. The heroes of Homer generally address each other by an appellative, marking their affinity to some illustrious personage. The Grecian poet, it must be confessed, in such cases, uses a patronymic, expressive of the genealogy ; as *Pelides*, *Æacides*, *Laertiades* ; but it is not absolutely necessary to observe this rule.—For, *M'Pherson, a poet with whom our author is most likely to be inti-

* Mr. M'Pherson is said to be one of the principal writers on the side of the present administration.

mately acquainted, makes his hero Fingal, address Ossian by the title of “ Father of Oscar.” It should seem therefore to be sufficient, if in addressing a great man, you particularise any celebrated character of the family who may be supposed to reflect honour on his connections ; and the Reverend ROWLAND HILL was certainly the most celebrated of our worthy Baronet’s relations, before the late creation of Lord BERWICK, on which the next line happily touches.

Our author seems very fond of Mr. DUNDAS,

Whose exalted soul
No bonds of vulgar prejudice controul.
Of shame unconscious in his bold career,
He spurns that honour, which the weak revere ;
For true to public Virtue’s patriot plan,
He loves *the Minister* and not *the Man* ;
Alike the advocate of NORTH and WIT,
The friend of SHELBURNE, and the guide of PITT.
His ready tongue with sophistries at will,
Can say, unsay, and be consistent still ;
This day can censure, and the next retract,
In speech extol, and stigmatize in act ;

Turn and re-turn ; whole hours at HASTINGS bawl,
Defend, praise, thank, affront him, and recal.

By opposition, he his King shall court ;

And damn the People's cause by his support.

He like some Angel, sent to scourge mankind,

Shall deal forth plagues,—in charity design'd.

The West he would have starv'd ; yet, ever good,

But meant to save the' effusion of her blood :

And if, from fears of his Controul releast

He looses Rapine now, to spoil the East ;

'Tis but to fire another SYKES to plan

Some new starvation-scheme for Hindostan ;

Secure, to make her flourish, as before,

More populous, by losing myriads more.

Our author here seems to understand the famous starvation-scheme of Mr. DUNDAS, as literally designed to produce an actual famine in America, though undoubtedly from the most benovolent motives imaginable. But this is contradicted by a * late writer, who appears to be perfectly conversant with the language and purposes of our present men in power. “ Starvation (says he) is not synonymous with famine ; for Mr. Dundas most certainly could not

* Key to Parliamentary Debates, published by Debrett.
intend

intend to produce a famine in America, which is the granary of the West-Indies, and of a great part of Europe. The word Starvation (continues he) was intended by Mr. Dundas to express a scheme of his own, by which he meant to prevent the Americans from eating when they were hungry, and had food within their reach; thereby insuring their reduction without blood-shed." However both authors agree that Mr. Dundas proposed to starve the Americans (whatever was to be the mode of doing it) in mere compassion, to save them from the horrors of throat-cutting. How finely too does the Poet trace the same charitable disposition in the late measures of Mr. Dundas and his Colleagues at the Board of Controul! Factious men have said, that the Indian politics of the new Commissioners have a direct tendency, beyond any former system, to encourage every kind of speculation and extortion. But what kind Mr. Dundas would peculiarly wish to encourage, can admit of no doubt from his known partiality to starving—any body, but himself. And how, indeed,

indeed, can the prosperity of the East be better consulted than by some new starvation-scheme; such as was contrived and executed by certain humane individuals in the year 1770, with the most salutary event? For, notwithstanding one-third of the inhabitants of Bengal were then swept away by the famine, the province, in consequence, is now become more populous than ever. This may a little disturb all vulgar notions of cause and effect; but the writer above-mentioned proves the fact by the testimony of Major Scott.

There are many more lines relating to Mr. Dundas. But as this Gentleman's character is so perfectly understood by the public, we shall rather select a short catalogue of some among the inferior Ministerial Heroes, who have hitherto been less frequently described.

DRAKE, whose cold rhetoric freezes in its course,
 BANKS the precise, and fluent WILBERFORCE,
 With either PHIPPS, a scribbling, prattling pair!
 And VILLERS, comely with the flaxen hair;
 The gentle GRENVILLE's ever-grinning Son,
 And the dark brow of solemn HAMILTON.

These

These miniatures, as we may call them, present us with very striking likenesses of the living originals; most of whom are seen to as much advantage in this small size, as they could possibly have been, had they been taken at full length. How happy is the allusion to Mr. DRAKE'S* well-known speech, which in the metaphor of our poet, we may stile, a beautiful icicle of the most transparent eloquence! How just too, and yet how concise is the description of the literary and parliamentary talents, so equally possessed by Brother CHARLES and Brother HARRY, as Lord Mulgrave affectionately calls them. We must, however, observe, that in the Manuscript of the ROLLIAD, obligingly communicated to us by the Author, the line appears to have been first written,

Resplendent PHIPPS, who shines our lesser Bear;

the noble head of this illustrious family having been called the Great Bear. But

* “Behold, Sir, another feature of the procrastinating system. Not so the Athenian Patriots—Sir, the Romans—Sir, I have lost the clue of my argument—Sir, I will sit down.”

this

this was corrected, probably in consequence of the Poet having discovered, like Mr. Herschel, that the splendor, which he long attributed to a single constellation, or (if we may depart a little from critical nicety in our figure) to a single star, in reality flowed from the united rays of two. We have nothing further to add on this passage, only that the character of VILLERS seems to be drawn after the Nireus of Homer; who, as the Commentators remark, is celebrated in the catalogue of warriors, for the handsomest man in the Grecian army; and is never mentioned again through the whole twenty-four books of the Iliad.

NUMBER IV.

A New edition (being the nineteenth) of this universally admired poem, having been recently published, the ingenious author has taken that opportunity to introduce some new lines on an occasion perfectly congenial to his muse, and in the highest degree interesting to the public, namely, the late Fast and Thanksgiving; together with the famous discourse preached in celebration of that day by that illustrious orator and divine, the Reverend Mr. SECRETARY PRETTYMAN.—This episode, which is emphatically termed by himself, in his prefatory address to this last edition, his Episode Parsonic, seems to have been written perfectly *con amore*, and is considered by critics as one of the happiest effusions of the distinguished genius from whose high-rapped fancy it originated. In consists of nine-and-forty lines, of which, without farther exordium, we shall submit the following extracts to the inspection,

spection, or, more properly speaking, the admiration of our readers. He sets out with a most spirited compliment to Dr. PRETTYMAN. The two first lines are considered by critics as the most successful example of the alliterative ornament upon record.

Prim Preacher, Prince of Priests, and * Prince's Priest ;
Pembroke's pale pride—in PITT's *præcordia* plac'd.

—Thy merits all shall future ages scan,

And PRINCE be lost in PARSON PRETTYMAN.

The beauty of the historical allusion to Prince Prettyman, need not be pointed out to our readers ; and the presage that the fame of this Royal personage shall be lost and absorbed in the rising reputation of the ingenious divine, is peculiarly happy and well turned. The celebrated passage of Virgil,

“ Tu Marcellus eris :”

is supposed to have been in the Poet's recollection at the moment of his conceiving this passage, not that the

* The Doctor is Chaplain to his Majesty.—He was bred at Pembroke-hall, in Cambridge.

“ Oh

“ Oh miserande puer ! ”

in the preceding line, is imagined to have excited any idea of Mr. Pitt.

Our author now pursues his Hero to the pulpit, and there, in imitation of Homer, who always takes the opportunity for giving a minute description of his *personæ*, when they are on the very verge of entering upon an engagement, he gives a labour-ed, but animated detail of the Doctor's personal manners and deportment. Speaking of the penetrating countenance for which the Doctor is distinguished, he says,

ARGUS could boast an hundred eyes, 'tis true,
The Doctor looks an hundred ways with two :
Gimlets they are, and bore you through and through. }

This is a very elegant and classic compliment, and shews clearly what a decided advantage our Reverend Hero possesses over the celebrated *Οφθαλμοδελος* of antiquity. Addison is justly famous in the literary world, for the judgment with which he

G 2 selects

selects and applies familiar words to great occasions, as in the instances :

——“ The great, the important day,
“ *Big* with the fate of Cato and of Rome.”——

“ The fun grows *dim* with age, &c. &c.”

This is a very great beauty, for it fares with ideas, as with individuals ; we are the more interested in their fate, the better we are acquainted with them. But how inferior is Addison in this respect to our author ?

Gimlets they are, &c.

There is not such a word in all Cato ! How well-known and domestic the image ! How specific and forcible the application ! —Our author proceeds : Having described very accurately the stile of the Doctor's hair-dressing, and devoted ten beautiful lines to an eulogy upon the brilliant on the little finger of his right hand, of which he emphatically says :

No veal putrescent, no dead whiting's eye,
In the true water with this ring could vie ;

he

he breaks out into the following most inspired and vigorous apostrophe—

Oh ! had you seen his lily, lily hand,
Stroke his spare cheek, and coax his snow-white band :
That adding force to all his pow'rs of speech,
This the protector of his sacred breech ;
That point the way to Heav'n's celestial grace,
This keep his small-clothes in their proper place.
Oh ! how the comely preacher you had prais'd,
As now the right, and now the left he rais'd !!!

Who does not perceive, in this description, as if before their eyes, the thin figure of emaciated divinity, divided between religion and decorum ; anxious to produce some truths, and conceal others ; at once concerned for *fundamental* points of various kinds ; ever at the *bottom* of things—Who does not see this, and seeing, who does not admire ? The notes that accompany this excellent episode, contain admirable instances of our author's profound knowledge in all the literature of our established religion ; and we are sorry that

that our plan will not suffer us to produce them, as a full and decisive proof that his learning is perfectly on a level with his genius, and his divinity quite equal to his poetry.

NUMBER V.

ON Monday last, the twentieth edition of this incomparable poem made its appearance: and we may safely venture to predict, that should it be followed by an hundred more, while the fertile and inexhaustible genius of the author continues to enrich every new edition with new beauties, they will not fail to run through, with the same rapidity that the former have done; so universal is the enthusiasm prevailing among the genuine lovers of poetry, and all persons of acknowledged taste, with respect to this wonderful and unparalleled production.

What chiefly distinguishes this edition, and renders it peculiarly interesting at the present moment, is the admirable description contained in it of the newly-appointed India Board; in which the characters of the members composing it are most happily, though perhaps somewhat severely, contrasted with those to whom the same
high

high office had been allotted by a former administration.

That the feelings of the public are in unison with those of our author upon this occasion, is sufficiently apparent from the frequent Panegyrics with which the public papers have of late been filled, upon the characters of these distinguished personages. In truth, the superiority of our present excellent administration over their opponents, can in no instance be more clearly demonstrated, than by a candid examination of the comparative merits of the persons appointed by each of them to preside in this arduous and important department.

Our author opens this comparison by the following elegant compliment to the accomplished Nobleman, whose situation, as Secretary of State, entitles him to a priority of notice, as the eminence of his abilities will ever ensure him a due superiority of weight in the deliberations of the board.

SYDNEY,

SYDNEY, whom all the pow'rs of rhetorick grace,
 Consistent SYDNEY fills FITZWILLIAM's place ;
 O, had by nature but proportion'd been
 His strength of genius to his length of chin,
 His mighty mind in some prodigious plan,
 At once with ease had reach'd to Indostan !

The idea conveyed in these lines, of the possibility of a feature in the human face extending to so prodigious a distance as the East-Indies, has been objected to as somewhat hyperbolical. But those who are well acquainted with the person, as well as the character of the noble lord alluded to, and who are unquestionably the best judges of the *extent* of the compliment, will certainly be of a different opinion. Neither indeed is the objection founded in truth, but must have arisen merely from the passage not having been properly understood. It by no means supposes his Lordship to have literally a chin of such preposterous dimensions, as must be imagined, for the purpose of reaching to the East-Indies; but figuratively speaking, only purports, that if his Lordship's mental faculties are co-extensive with that dis-

H

tinguished

tinguished feature of his face, they may readily embrace, and be competent to the consideration of the most distant objects. The meaning of the author is so obvious, that this cavil probably originated in wilful misapprehension, with a view of detracting from the merit of one of the most beautiful passages in the whole poem.

What reader can refuse his admiration to the following lines, in which the leading features of the characters are so justly, strongly, and at the same time so concisely delineated ?

Acute observers, who with skilful ken
Descry the characters of public men,
Rejoice that pow'r and patronage should pass
From *jobbing* MONTAGUE, to *pure* DUNDAS ;
Exchange with pleasure, ELLIOT, LEW'SHAM, NORTH,
For MULGRAVE's tried integrity and worth ;
And all must own, that worth completely tried,
By turns experienc'd upon every side.

How happy is the selection of epithets
in these lines ! How forcibly descriptive
of

of the character to which they are applied !
In the same strain he proceeds :—

Whate'er experience GREGORY might boast,
Say, is not WALSINGHAM himself a host ?
His grateful countrymen, with joyful eyes,
From SACKVILLE's ashes see this Phoenix rise ;
Perhaps with all his master's talents blest,
To save the East as he subdu'd the West.

The historical allusion is here judiciously introduced ; and the pleasing prospect hinted at, of the same happy issue attending our affairs in the Eastern, that has already crowned them in the Western world, must afford peculiar satisfaction to the feelings of every British reader.

The next character is most ingeniously described, but like a former one, containing some *personal* allusions, requires, in order to be fully understood, a more intimate acquaintance with the exterior qualifications of the gentleman in question, than can have fallen to the lot of every reader. All who have had the pleasure of seeing him, however, will immediately acknowledge the resemblance of the portrait.

See next advance, in knowing FLETCHER's stead,
 A youth, who boasts no common share of head;
 What plenteous stores of knowledge may contain
 The spacious tenement of GRENVILLE's brain!
 Nature, in all her dispensations wise,
 Who form'd his head-piece of so vast a size,
 Hath not, 'tis true, neglected to bestow
 Its due proportion to the part below;
 And hence we reason, that, to serve the state,
 His top and bottom may have equal weight.

Every reader will naturally conceive, that in the description of the principal person of the board, the author has exerted the whole force of his genius, and he will not find his expectations disappointed; he has reserved him for the last, and has judiciously evaded disgracing him by a comparison with any other, upon the principle, no doubt, quoted from Mr. Theobald, by that excellent critic, Martinus Scriblerus.

“None but himself can be his parallel.”

DOUBLE FALSEHOOD,

As he has drawn this character at considerable length, we shall content ourselves with

with selecting some few of the most striking passages, whatever may be the difficulty of selecting where almost the whole is equally beautiful. The grandeur of the opening prepares the mind for the sublime sensations suitable to the dignity of a subject so exalted.

Above the rest, majestically great,
Behold the infant Atlas of the state,
The matchless miracle of modern days,
In whom Britannia to the world displays
A sight to make surrounding nations stare ;
A kingdom trusted to a school-boy's care.

It is to be observed to the credit of our author, that although his political principles are unquestionably favourable to the present happy government, he does not scruple, with that boldness which ever characterises real genius, to animadvert with freedom on persons of the most elevated rank and station ; and he has accordingly interspersed his commendations of our favourite young Minister with much excellent and reasonable counsel, fore-warning him of the dangers to which he is by his situation

situation exposed. After having mentioned his introduction into public life, and concurred in that admirable panegyric of his immaculate virtues, made in the House of Commons by a noble Lord already celebrated in the poem, upon which he has the following observation :

—As MULGRAVE, who so fit,
To chaunt the praises of ingenuous PITT ?
The nymph unhackney'd and unknown abroad,
Is thus commended by the hackney'd bawd.
The dupe enraptur'd, views her fancied charms,
And clasps the maiden mischief to his arms,
Till dire disease reveals the truth too late :
O grant my country, Heav'n, a milder fate !

He attends him to the high and distinguished station he now so ably fills, and in a nervous strain of manly eloquence, describes the defects of character and conduct to which his situation and the means by which he came to it, render him peculiarly liable. The spirit of the following lines is remarkable :

Oft in one bosom may be found allied,
Excess of meanness, and excess of pride :

Oft

Oft may the Statesman, in St. Stephen's brave,
Sink in St. James's to an abject slave ;
Erect and proud at Westminster, may fall
Prostrate and pitiful at Leadenhall ;
In word a giant, though a dwarf in deed,
Be led by others while he seems to lead.

He afterwards with great force describes the lamentable state of humiliation into which he may fall from his present pinnacle of greatness, by too great a subserviency to those from whom he has derived it, and appeals to his pride in the following beautiful exclamation ;

Shall CHATHAM's offspring basely beg support,
Now from the India, now St. James's court ;
With pow'r admiring Senates to bewitch,
Now kiss a Monarch's—now a Merchant's breech ;
And prove a pupil of St. Omer's school,
Of either KINSON, AT. or JEN. the tool ?

Though cold and cautious criticism may perhaps stare at the boldness of the concluding line, we will venture to pronounce it the most masterly stroke of the sublime to be met with in this, or any other poem.

It

It may be justly said, as Mr. Pope has so happily expressed it—

“ To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.”

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

As we despair of offering any thing equal to this lofty flight of genius to the reader of true taste, we shall conclude with recommending to him the immediate perusal of the whole poem, and in the name of an admiring public, returning our heart-felt thanks to the wonderful author of this invaluable work.

NUMBER VI.

IN our two last numbers we were happy to give our readers the earliest relish of those additional beauties, with which the nineteenth and twentieth impressions of the *ROLLIAD* are enriched. And these interpolations we doubt not have been sufficiently admired for their intrinsic merit, even in their detached state, as we gave them. But what superior satisfaction must they have afforded to those, who have read them in their proper places ! They are parts of a whole, and as such wonderfully improve the effect of the general design, by an agreeable interruption of prosaic regularity.

This may appear to some but a paradoxical kind of an improvement, which is subversive of order. It must be remembered, however, that the descent of *ROLLO* to the night-cellar, was undoubtedly suggested by the descent of *Æneas* to hell in the Sixth Book of Virgil; and every classical

Critic knows, what a noble contempt of order the Roman Poet studiously displays in the review of his countrymen. From Romulus he jumps at once to Augustus; gets back how he can to Numa; goes straight forward to Brutus; takes a short run to Camillus; makes a long stride to Julius Cæsar and Pompey; from Cato retreats again to the Gracchi and the Scipios; and at last arrives in a beautiful zig-zag at Marcellus, with whom he concludes. And this must be right, because it is in Virgil.

A similar confusion, therefore, has now been judiciously introduced by our Author in the Sixth Book of the *ROLLIAD*. He first singles out some of the great statesmen of the present age; then carries us to church, to hear Dr. Prettyman preach before the Speaker and the pews; and next shews us, all that Mr. DUNDAS means to let the public know of the new India-Board;—that is to say, the Members, of whom it is composed. He now proceeds, where a dull Genius would probably have begun, with an accurate description of the
House

House of Commons, preparatory to the exhibition of Mr. ROLLE, and some other of our political heroes, on that theatre of their glory. Maps of the country round Troy have been drawn from the Iliad; and we doubt not, that a plan of St. Stephen's might now be delineated with the utmost accuracy from the ROLLIAD.

Merlin first ushers Duke ROLLO into the LOBBY; marks the situation of the two entrances; one in the front, the other communicating laterally with the Court of Requests; and points out the topography of the fire-place and the box,

————— in which
Sits PEARSON, like a pagod in his niche;
The Gomgom PEARSON, whose sonorous lungs
With "Silence! Room there!" drown an hundred
tongues.

This passage is in the very spirit of prophecy, which delights to represent things in the most lively manner. We not only see, but hear Pearson in the execution of his office. The language too, is truly
I 2 prophetic;

prophetic ; unintelligible, perhaps, to those to whom it is addressed, but perfectly clear, full, and forcible to those who live in the time of the accomplishment. Duke ROLLO might reasonably be supposed to stare at the barbarous words "*Pagod*" and "*Gomgom*;" but we, who know one to signify an Indian Idol, and the other an Indian Instrument of music, perceive at once the peculiar propriety with which such images are applied to an officer of a House of Commons, so completely Indian as the present. A writer of less judgment would have contented himself with comparing Pearson simply to a

Statue in his niche——

and with calling him a Stentor, perhaps, in the next line : but such unappropriated similes and metaphors could not satisfy the nice taste of our author.

The description of the Lobby also furnishes an opportunity of interspersing a passage of the tender kind, in praise of the Pomona who attends there with oranges.

Our

Our poet calls her HUCSTERIA, and, by a dexterous stroke of art, compares her to Shiptonia, whose amours with ROLLO form the third and fourth books of the ROLLIAD.

Behold the lovely wanton, kind and fair,
As bright SHIPTONIA, late thy amorous care !
Mark how her winning smiles, and witching eyes,
On yonder unfledg'd orator she tries !
Mark, with what grace she offers to his hand
The tempting orange, pride of China's land !

This gives rise to a panegyric on the medical virtues of oranges, and an oblique censure on the indecent practice of our young Senators, who come down drunk from the eating-room, to sleep in the gallery.

O! take, wise youth, the' Hesperian fruit, of use
Thy lungs to cherish with balsamic juice.
With this thy parch'd roof moisten ; nor consume
Thy hours and guineas in the eating-room,
Till, full of claret, down with wild uproar
You reel, and stretch'd alone the gallery, snore.

From this the poet naturally slides into a general caution against the vice of drunkenness,

eness, which he more particularly enforces, by the instance of Mr. PITT's late peril, from the farmer at Wandsworth.

Ah! think, what danger on debauch attends :

Let PITT, once drunk, preach temp'rance to his friends ;

How, as he wander'd darkling o'er the plain,

His reason drown'd in JENKINSON's champaigne,

A rustic's hand, but righteous fate withstood,

Had shed a Premier's for a robber's blood,

We have been thus minute in tracing the transitions in this inimitable passage, as they display, in a superior degree, the wonderful skill of our poet, who could thus bring together an orange-girl, and the present pure and immaculate Minister ; a connection, which, it is more than probable, few of our readers would in any-wise have suspected.

Ex fumo dare lucem

Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.

From the Lobby we are next led into the several committee-rooms, and other offices adjoining ; and among the rest, MERLIN, like a noble Lord, whose diary was

was some time since printed, “ takes occasion to inspect the water-closets,”

Where offerings, worthy of those altars, lie,
 Speech, letter, narrative, remark, reply ;
 With dead-born taxes, innocent of ill,
 With cancell'd clauses of the India bill :
 There pious NORTHCOTE's meek rebukes, and here
 The labour'd nothings of the SCRUTINEER ;
 And reams on reams of tracts, that without pain,
 Incessant spring from SCOTT's prolific brain.
 Yet wherefore to this age should names be known,
 But heard, and then forgotten in their own ;
 Turn then, my son, &c. &c.

This passage will probably surprise many of our readers, who must have discovered our author to be, as every good and wise man must be, firmly attached to the present system. It was natural for Dante to send his enemies to hell ; but it seems strange that our poet should place the writings of his own friends and fellow-labourers in a water-closet. It has indeed been hinted to us, that it might arise from envy, to find some of them better rewarded for their exertions in the cause, than himself. But though great minds have some-

sometimes been subject to this passion, we cannot suppose it to have influenced the author of the *ROLLIAD* in the present instance. For in that case we doubt not he would have shewn more tenderness to his fellow-sufferer, the unfortunate Mr. *NORTHCOTE*, who, after sacrificing his time, degrading his profession, and hazard-
 ing his ears twice or thrice every week, for these two or three years past, has at length confessed his patriotism weary of employ-
 ing his talents for the good of his country, without receiving the reward of his labours. To confess the truth, we ourselves think the apparent singularity of the poet's conduct on this occasion, may be readily ascribed to that independence of superior genius, which we noticed in our last number. We there remarked, with what becoming freedom he spoke to the Minister himself; and in the passage now before us, we may find traces of the same spirit, in the allusions to the coal-tax, gauze-tax, and ribbon-tax, as well as the unexampled alterations and corrections of the celebrated India-bill. Why then should it appear
 extra-

extraordinary, that he should take the same liberty with two or three brother-authors, which he had before taken with their master ; and without scruple intimate, what he and every one else must think of their productions, notwithstanding he may possess all possible charity for the good intention of their endeavours ?

We cannot dismiss these criticisms, without observing on the concluding lines ; how happily our author, here again, as before by the mention of Shiptonia, contrives to recal our attention to the personages more immediately before us, MERLIN and Duke ROLLO !

NUMBER VII.

WE come now to the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the Holy of Holies, where the glory of political integrity shines visibly, since the shrine has been purified from Lord J. CAVENDISH, Mr. FOLJAMBE, Sir C. BANBURY, Mr. COKE, Mr. BAKER, Major HARTLEY, and the rest of its pollutions. To drop our metaphor, after making a minute survey of the Lobby, peeping into the Eating-room, and inspecting the Water-closets, we are at length admitted into the House itself. The transition here is peculiarly grand and solemn. MERLIN, having corrected himself for wasting so much time on insignificant objects,

(Yet wherefore to this age should names be known,
But heard, and then forgotten in their own ?)

immediately directs the attention of Rollo to the doors of the house, which are represented in the vision, as opening at that moment to gratify the hero's curiosity ;
then

then the prophet suddenly cries out, in the language of ancient Religion;

—Procul, ô procul este profani!

Turn then, my son, where to thy hallow'd eye

Yon doors unfold—Let none profane be nigh!

It seems as if the poet, in the preceding descriptions, had purposely stooped to amuse himself with the Gomgom Pearson, Hucsteria, Major Scott, Mr. Northcote, and the Reverend author of the Scrutineer, that he might rise again with the more striking dignity on this great occasion.

MERLIN now leads ROLLO to the centre of the House,

Conventus trahit in medios, turbamque sonantem.

He points out to him the gallery for strangers to sit in, and members to sleep in; the bar below, and the clock above. Of the clock he observes,

When this shalt point, the hour of question come,

Mutes shall find voice, and Orators be dumb.

This, if in lengthen'd parle the night they pass,
 Shall furnish still his opening to DUNDAS;
 To PITT, when "hear-hims" flag, shall oft supply
 The chear-trap trick of stale apology;
 And, strange to tell! in Nature's spite, provokes
 Hot ARDEN once to blunder at a joke.

The beauty of these lines will be instantly perceived by all who have witnessed the debates; as they cannot but have remarked, how perpetually "*the late hour of night*" occupies the exordiums of Mr. DUNDAS, after eleven o'clock; and how frequently it is introduced by Mr. PITT as a hint, for what is called *cbearing*, whenever his arguments and invectives are received by his young friends, with the unparliamentary compliment of sacred silence. The miracle of a jest from Mr. ARDEN, happened on the occasion of some Resolutions having passed between the hours of *six* and *seven* in the morning; for which reason the Attorney-General facetiously contended, that they were entitled to no respect, "as the house was then at *six*s and *sevens*." Any approximation to wit in debate, being perfectly unusual with this gentleman,

tleman, however entertaining his friends may think him in private, our author very properly distinguishes this memorable attempt by the same kind of admiration, with which poets commonly mention some great prodigy—as for instance, of a cow's speaking ;

—————pecudesque locutæ

Infandum !

We hope none of our readers will attribute to us the most distant intention of any invidious comparison.

The table, mace, &c. are next described, but these we shall pass over in silence, that we may get—where most who enter the House of Commons, wish to get—to the TREASURY-BENCH,

Where sit the gowned clerks, by antient rule,

This on a chair, and that upon a stool ;

Where stands the well-pil'd table, cloth'd in green ;

There on the left the TREASURY-BENCH is seen.

No fatten covering decks the' upfightly boards ;

No velvet cushion holds the youthful Lords :

And claim illustrious Tails such small regard ?

Ah ! Tails too tender for a seat so hard.

This

This passage touches on a subject of much offence to the young friends of the minister ; we mean the barbarous and Gothic appearance of the benches in the House of Commons. The Treasury-bench itself looks no better than a first form in one of our public schools :

No fatten covering decks the' unfightly boards,

No velvet cushion holds the youthful Lords.

The above couplet states with much elegance the matter of complaint, and glances with equal dexterity at the proper remedy. The composition is then judiciously varied. The whole art of the poet is employed to interest our passions in favour of the necessary reform, by exhortatory interrogations and interjections the most affectingly pathetic. And who can read the former, without feeling his sense of national honour most deeply injured by the supposed indignity ; or who can read the latter, without melting into the most unfeigned commiseration for the actual sufferings to which the youthful Lords are at present exposed ? It must, doubtless,

doubtless, be a seasonable relief to the minds of our readers, to be informed, that Mr. PITT (as it has been said in some of the daily papers) means to propose, for one article of his Parliamentary Reform, to cover the seats in general with crimson sattin, and to decorate the Treasury-bench, in particular, with cushions of crimson velvet; one of * extraordinary dimensions being to be appropriated to Mr. W. GRENVILLE.

The epithet "*tender*" in the last line we were at first disposed to consider as merely synonymous with "*youthful*." But a friend, to whom we repeated the passage, suspected that the word might bear some more emphatical sense; and this conjecture indeed seems to be established beyond doubt, by the original reading in the manuscript, which, as we before said, has been communicated to us,

"Alas! that flesh, so late by pedants scarr'd,

"Sore from the rod, should suffer seats so hard."

* For a description of this young gentleman's person, from top to bottom, see No. V.

We

We give these verses, not as admitting any comparison with the text, as it now stands, but merely by way of commentary, to illustrate the Poet's meaning.

From the Treasury-bench, we ascend one step to the INDIA-BENCH.

- " There too, in place advanc'd, as in command,
- " Above the beardless rulers of the land,
- " On a bare bench, alas! exalted sit,
- " The pillars of Prerogative and PITT;
- " Delights of Asia, ornaments of men,
- " Thy Sovereign's Sovereigns, happy Hindostan."

The movement of these lines is, as the subject required, more elevated than that of the preceding: Yet the prevailing sentiment excited by the description of the Treasury-bench, is artfully touched by our author, as he passes, in the Hemistich,

On a bare bench, alas!————

which is a beautiful imitation of Virgil's

——Ah! silece in nudâ————

The pompous titles so liberally bestowed on the BENGAL SQUAD, as the penny-
less

less hirelings of opposition affect to call them, are truly in the Oriental taste; and we doubt not, but every friend to the present happy government, will readily agree in the justice of stiling them “pillars of prerogative and Pitt, delights of Asia, and ornaments of man.” Neither, we are assured, can any man of any party object to the last of their high dignities, “Sovereigns of the Sovereign of India;” since the Company’s well-known sale of Shah Allum to his own Visier, is an indisputable proof of their supremacy over the Great Mogul.

As our author has been formerly accused of plagiarism, we must here in candour confess, that he seems, in his description of the India-bench, to have had an eye to Milton’s account of the devil’s throne; which, however, we are told, much exceeded the possible splendour of any India-bench, or even the magnificence of Mr. Hastings himself.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus, or of Ind;

Or where the gorgeous East, with lavish hand,
Show'rs on her King, barbaric pearl and gold ;
Satan *exalted* fate.——

This concluding phrase, our readers will observe, is exactly and literally copied by our author. It is also worthy of remark, that as he calls the Bengal squad,

The *Pillars* of Prerogative and Pitt,
So Milton calls Beelzebub,

A *Pillar* of State :——

Though, it is certain, that the expression here quoted may equally have been suggested by one of the Persian titles*, said to

* The following is copied from the Morning Chronicle of October 5, 1784.

MR. HASTINGS'S PERSIAN TITLES, as engraved upon
a Seal. A true Translation.

Nabob Governor-General Hastings, *Saub*,

Pillar of the Empire,

The fortunate in War, Hero,

The most princely offspring of the Loins,

Of the King of the Universe,

The Defender of the Mahomedan Faith,

And Asylum of the World, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Translation

to be engraved on a seal of Mr. Hastings, where we find the Governor General stiled, “ *Pillar of the Empire.*” But we shall leave it to our readers to determine, as they may think proper, on the most probable source of the metaphor, whether it were in reality derived from Beelzebub or Mr. Hastings.

Translation of a Persian Inscription engraven on a large fine Ruby, being the titles either given to, or assumed by Mrs. HASTINGS.

- “ Royal and Imperial Governess,
- “ The elegance of the age,
- “ The most exalted Bilkis,
- “ The Zobaide of the Palaces,
- “ The most heroic Princess,
- “ Ruby Marian Hastings, Sauby, &c. &c.

N. B. With the Mussulmans, *Bilkis* signifies the person called in the Bible History the Queen of Sheba ; and *Zobaide* was a favourite wife of Mahomed ; and when they wish to pay the highest compliments to a lady, they compare her to Bilkis and Zobaide, who possessed the most exalted beauty, and perfection of every kind.

NUMBER VIII.

FROM the above general compliment to the India-bench, the poet, in the person of Merlin, breaks out into the following animated apostrophe to some of the principal among our Leadenhall-street Governors :

All hail ! ye virtuous patriots without blot,
 The minor KINSON and the major SCOTT :
 And thou, of name uncouth to British-ear,
 From Norman smugglers sprung LE MESURIER ;
 Hail SMITHS ; and WRAXALL, unabash'd to talk,
 Tho' none will listen ; hail too, CALL and PALK ;
 Thou, BARWELL, just and good, whose honour'd name,
 Wide, as the Ganges rolls, shall live in fame,
 Second to HASTINGS : and, VANSITTART, thou,
 A second HASTINGS, if the Fates allow,

The bold but truly poetical apocope, by which the Messrs At-kinson and Jen-kinson, are called the two kinsons, is already familiar to the public. The minor Kinson, or Kinson the less, is obviously Mr. Atkinson ; Mr. Jenkinson being confessedly

ly

ly greater than Mr. Atkinson, or any other man, except ONE, in the kingdom.—The antithesis of the Major Scott to the minor Kinson, seems to ascertain the sense of the word Major, as signifying in this place the greater; it might mean also the elder; or it might equally refer to the military rank of the gentleman intended. This is a beautiful example of the figure so much admired by the ancients under the name of the Paronomasia, or Pun. They who recollect the light in which our author before represented Major Scott, as a pamphleteer, fit only to furnish a water-closet, may possibly wonder to find him here mentioned as THE GREATER SCOTT; but whatever may be his literary talents, he must be acknowledged to be truly great, and worthy of the conspicuous place here assigned him, if we consider him in his capacity of agent to Mr. Hastings, and of consequence chief manager of the Bengal Squad; and it must be remembered, that this is the character in which he is here introduced. The circumstance of Mr. Le Mesurier's origin from Norman Smugglers,

has

has been erroneously supposed by some critics to be designed for a reproach; but they could not possibly have fallen into this mistake, if they had for a moment reflected that it is addressed by MERLIN to ROLLO, who was himself no more than a Norman pirate. Smuggling and piracy in heroic times were not only esteemed not infamous, but absolutely honourable. The Smiths, Call and Palk of our poet, resemble the

Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noëmonaque, Prytanimque.
of Homer and Virgil; who introduce those gallant warriors for the sake of a smooth verse, and dispatch them at a stroke without the distinction of a single epithet. Our poet too has more professedly imitated Virgil in the lines respecting Mr. Vansittart, now a candidate to succeed Mr. Hastings.

—And, VANSITTART, thou

A second HASTINGS, if the fates allow.

———Si quâ fata aspera rumpas,

Tu Marcellus eris!

The passage however is, as might be hoped from the genius of our author, obviously

viously improved in the imitation; as it involves a climax, most happily expressed. Mr. Barwell has been panegyricized in the lines immediately foregoing, as *second to Hastings*; but of Mr. Vansittart it is prophesied, that he will be a *second Hastings*; second indeed in time, but equal perhaps in the distinguishing merits of that great and good man, in obedience to the Court of Directors, attention to the interests of the Company in preference to his own, abstinence from rapacity and extortion, justice and policy toward the princes, and humanity to all the natives of Hindostan. The ingenious turn on the words, *second to Hastings*, and a *second Hastings*, would have furnished matter for whole pages to the Dionysius's, Longinus's, and Quintilians of antiquity, though the affected delicacy of modern taste may condemn it as quibble and jingle.

The poet then hints at a most ingenious proposal for the embellishment of the India-bench, according to the new plan of Parliamentary Reform; not by fitting it up
like

like the Treasury-bench, with velvet cushions, but by erecting for the accommodation of the Leadenhall worthies, the ivory bed, which was lately presented to her Majesty by Mrs. Hastings.

O that for you, in Oriental state,
At ease reclin'd to watch the long debate,
Beneath the gallery's pillar'd height were spread
(With the QUEEN's leave) your WARREN's ivory bed !

The pannels of the gallery too, over the canopy of the bed, are to be ornamented with suitable paintings.

Above, in colours warm with mimic life,
The German husband of your WARREN's wife
His rival's deeds should blazon ; and display,
In his blest rule the glorious of your sway.

What singular propriety, what striking beauty must the reader of taste immediately perceive in this choice of a painter to execute the author's design ! It cannot be doubted but Mrs. Hastings would exert all her own private and all Major Scott's public influence with *every* branch of the Legislature, to obtain so illustrious a job for

for the man to whose affection, or to whose want of affection, she owes her present fortunes. The name of this artist is Imhoff; but though he was once honoured with Royal Patronage, he is now best remembered from the circumstance, by which our author has distinguished him of his former relation to Mrs. Hastings.

Then follow the subjects of the paintings, which are selected with the usual judgment of our poet.

Here might the tribes of ROHILCUND expire,
 And quench with blood their towns, that sink in fire;
 The BEGUMS there, of pow'r, of wealth forlorn,
 With female cries their hapless fortune mourn.
 Here hardly rescu'd from his guard, CHEYT SING
 Aghast should fly; there NUNDCOMAR should swing;
 Happy for him! if he had borne to see
 His country beggar'd of the last rupee;
 Nor call'd those laws, O HASTINGS, on thy head,
 Which, mock'd by thee, thy slaves alone should dread.

These stories, we presume, are too public to require any explanation. But if our readers should wish to be more particular-

M

ly.

ly acquainted with them, they will find them in the * *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, commonly called the *Reports of the Select and Secret Committees*, with *Appendixes of Letters, Minutes, and Narratives* written by Mr. Hastings himself: Or they may consult the *History of Alexander the Great*, contained in Major John Scott's narrative of the administration of Mr. Hastings. Though we would rather refer them to the latter work, as in our opinion it is one of the most satisfactory defences ever published; and proves to demonstration, that Mr. Hastings never committed a single act of injustice or cruelty, but he constantly obtained forty or fifty lacks for the Company or himself—That an enquiry into past abuses is an impolitic order; because “much valuable time must be lost, and much odium incurred by the attempt:” and therefore Mr. Hastings of course ought not to have been censured at all, unless he had been censured *before* he had done any thing to deserve

* We have the highest law authority for this title; as well as for calling Mr. Hastings Alexander the Great.

it.—That it was right for Mr. Hastings to keep up the good old custom of receiving presents, in defiance of a positive law; because his predecessors had received as large sums when they were authorized by custom, and not prohibited by any law.—That Mr. Hastings was justified in disobeying the orders of the Directors, because he could no otherwise have convinced the Country Powers of his superiority over his Masters, which was, and is, absolutely necessary—that, though it may be questioned if Nundcomar was legally condemned, it was proper to execute him, in order to shew the justice and impartiality of the Judges in hanging the natives, whom they were sent especially to protect.—That a Treaty of Peace between two nations is of no force, if you can get one of the individuals who officially signed it, to consent to the infraction of it—together with many other positions, equally just and novel, both in Ethics and Politics.

But to return to our Poet. MERLIN now drops his apostrophe, and eulogizes the

India-bench in the third person, for the blessings of Tea and the Commutation Tax. The following passage will shew our author to be, probably a much better Grocer than Mr. Pitt; and perhaps little inferior to the Tea-Purchaser's Guide.

What tongue can tell the various kind of Tea ?
 Of Blacks and Greens, of Hyson and Bohea ;
 With Singlo, Congou, Pekoe, and Souchong ;
 Couflip the fragrant, Gun-powder the strong ;
 And more, all heathenish alike in name,
 Of humbler some, and some of nobler fame.

The prophet then compares the breakfasts of his own times with those of ours : attributes to the former the intractable spirit of that age ; and from the latter fervently prays, like a loyal subject, for the perfect accomplishment of their natural effects ; that they may relax the nerves of Englishmen into a proper state of submission to the superior powers. We shall insert the lines at length.

On mighty beef, bedew'd with potent ale,
 Our Saxons, rous'd at early dawn, regale ;

And

And hence, a sturdy, bold, rebellious race,
 Strength in the frame, and spirit in the face,
 All sacred right of Sovereign Pow'r defy,
 For Freedom conquer, or for Freedom die.
 Not so their sons of manners more polite;
 How would they sicken at the very sight !
 O'er Chocolate's rich froth, o'er Coffee's fume,
 Or Tea's hot tide their noons shall they consume.
 But chief, all sexes, every rank and age,
 Scandal and Tea, more grateful, shall engage ;
 In gilded roofs, beside some hedge in none,
 On polish'd tables, or the casual stone.
 Be *Bloom* reduc'd ; and *PITT* no more a foe,
 Ev'n *PITT*, the favourite of the fair shall grow :
 Be but *Mundungus* cheap ; on light and air
 New burthens gladly shall our peasants bear,
 And boil their peaceful kettles, gentle souls !
 Contented,—if no tax be laid on coals.
 Aid then, kind Providence, yon' generous Bench,
 With copious draughts the thirsty realm to drench ;
 And oh ! thy equal aid let *PRESTON* find,
 With * *musty-sweet*, and *mouldy-fresh* combin'd,
 To palsy half our isles : 'till, wan, and weak,
 Each nerve unstrung, and bloodless every cheek,
 Head answering head, and noddling thro' the street,
 The destin'd change of Britons is complete ;

*The Tea-dealers assure us, that Mr. *PRESTON's* *sweet*
 and *fresh* Teas contain a great part of the *musty* and *mouldy*
 chests, which the Trade rejected.

Things without will, like India's feeble brood,
 Or China's shaking Mandarines of wood.
 So may the Crown in native lustre shine,
 And British King's re-sume their right divine.

We have been thus prolix in giving the whole of this quotation, as we think it glances very finely at the true policy, why it is expedient to encourage the universal consumption of an article, which some factious people have called a pernicious luxury. And our readers, we are persuaded, will agree with us, when we decidedly pronounce this as good a defence of the Commutation Tax, as we have yet seen.

We must observe however that our author is probably indebted to the extensive information of Lord Sydney, for the hint of the following couplet :

In gilded roofs, beside some hedge in none,
 On polish'd tables, or the casual stone.

The Secretary of State in the discussion of the above-mentioned tax, very ably calculated the great quantity of tea consumed under hedges by vagrants, who have no houses ; from which he most ingeniously argued to the justice and equity of laying the impost on persons who have houses, whether they consume it or not.

We

We shall conclude this number, as the Poet concludes the subject, with some animated verses on Mr. Fox and Mr. PITT.

Crown the froth'd Porter, slay the fatted Ox,
 And give the British meal to British Fox.
 But for an Indian minister more fit,
 Ten cups of purest Padrae pour for PITT,
 Pure as himself; add sugar too and cream,
 Sweet as his temper, bland as flows the stream
 Of his smooth eloquence; then crisply nice
 The muffin toast, or bread and butter slice,
 Thin as his arguments, that mock the mind,
 Gone, ere you taste,—no relish left behind.
 Where beauteous Brighton overlooks the sea,
 These be his joys: and STEELE shall make the Tea.

How neat! how delicate! and how unexpected is the allusion in the last couplet! These two lines alone include the substance of whole columns, in the ministerial papers of last summer, on the sober, the chaste, the virtuous, the edifying manner in which the Immaculate Young Man passed the recess from public business; not in riot and debauchery, not in gaming, not in attendance on ladies, either modest or immodest, but in drinking Tea with Mr. Steele, at the Castle in Brighthelmstone. Let future ages read and admire!

NUMBER IX.

IN every new edition of this incomparable poem, it has been the invariable practice of the author, to take an opportunity of advertiing to such recent circumstances, as have occurred since the original publication of it relative to any of the illustrious characters he has celebrated. The public has lately been assured, that the Marquis of Graham is elected Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, and has presented that learned body with a complete set of the engravings of Piranesi, an eminent Italian artist ; of which, we are happy to acquaint the Dilettanti, a few remaining sets are to be purchased at Mr. Alderman Boydell's printshop, in Cheapside, price twelve pounds twelve shillings each. An anecdote reflecting so much honour upon one of the favourite characters of our author, could not pass unnoticed in the *ROLLIAD* ; and accordingly, in his last edition,

tion, we find the following complimentary lines upon the subject :

If right the Bard, whose numbers sweetly flow,
That all our knowledge is ourselves to know ;
A sage like GRAHAM, can the world produce,
Who in full senate call'd himself a goose ?
The' admiring Commons, from the high-born youth,
With wonder heard this undisputed truth ;
Exulting Glasgow claim'd him for her own,
And plac'd the prodigy on Learning's throne.

He then alludes to the magnificent present above-mentioned, and concludes in that happy vein of alliterative excellence, for which he is so justly admired——

With gorgeous gifts from gen'rous GRAHAM grac'd,
Great Glasgow grows the granary of taste.

Our readers will doubtless recollect, that this is not the first tribute of applause paid to the distinguished merit of the public-spirited young Nobleman in question. In the first edition of the poem, his character was drawn at length, the many services he has rendered his country were enumerated, and we have lately been assured by our

worthy friend and correspondent, Mr. Malcolm M'Gregor, the ingenious author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, and other valuable poems, that the following spirited verses, recording the ever-memorable circumstance of his Lordship's having procured for the inhabitants of the Northern extremity of our Island, the inestimable privilege of exempting their posteriors from those ignominious symbols of slavery, vulgarly denominated breeches, are actually universally repeated with enthusiasm, throughout every part of the Highlands of Scotland——

Thee, GRAHAM! thee, the frozen Chieftains bless,
 Who feel thy bounties thro' their fav'rite dress;
 By thee they view their rescu'd country clad
 In the bleak honours of their long-lost plaid;
 Thy patriot zeal has bar'd their parts behind
 To the keen whistlings of the wint'ry wind;
 While Lairds the dirk, while lasses bag-pipes prize,
 And oat-meal cake the want of bread supplies;
 The scurvy skin, while scaly scabs enrich,
 While contact gives, and brimstone cures the itch,
 Each breeze that blows upon those brawny parts,
 Shall wake thy lov'd remembrance in their hearts;

And

And while they freshen from the Northern blast,
So long thy honour, name, and praise shall last.

We need not call to the recollection of
the classical reader,

*Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.*

And the reader of taste will not hesitate to pronounce, that the copy has much improved upon, and very far surpassed the original. In these lines we also find the most striking instances of the beauties of alliteration ; and however some fastidious critics have affected to undervalue this excellence, it is no small triumph to those of a contrary sentiment to find, that next to our own incomparable author, the most exalted genius of the present age has not disdained to borrow the assistance of this ornament, in many passages of the beautiful dramatic treasure with which he has recently enriched the stage. Is it necessary for us to add, that it is the new tragedy of the Carmelite to which we allude ?—A tragedy, the beauties of which, we will

venture confidently to assert, will be admired and felt, when those of Shakspeare, Dryden, Otway, Southerne, and Rowe, shall be no longer held in estimation. As examples of alliterative beauty, we shall select the following:—

The hand of Heav'n hangs o'er me and my house,
To their untimely graves seven sons swept off.

Again——

So much for tears—tho' twenty years they flow,
They wear no channels in a widow's cheeks.

The alternate alliteration of the second line, in this instance, seems an improvement upon the art, to the whole merit of which Mr. Cumberland is himself unquestionably entitled.

Afterwards we read,

——Treasures hoarded up,
With carking care, and a long life of thrift.

In addition to the alliterative merit, we cannot here fail to admire the judiciously selected

selected epithet of "*carking*;" and the two lines immediately following, although no example of that merit, should not be omitted :

Now, without interest, or redemption swallow'd,
By the devouring bankrupt waves for ever.

How striking is the comparison of the ocean, to a bankrupt swallowing without interest or redemption, the property of his unfortunate creditors? Where shall we find a simile of equal beauty, unless some may possibly judge the following to be so, which is to be found in another part of the same sublime work, of two persons weeping——

——— We will sit,
Like fountain statues, face to face oppos'd,
And each to other tell our griefs in tears,
Yet neither utter word———

Our readers, we trust, will pardon our having been diverted from the task we have undertaken, by the satisfaction of dwelling on a few of the many beauties of this justly popular and universally admired tragedy,
which

which, in our humble opinion, infinitely surpasses every other theatrical composition, being in truth an assemblage of every possible dramatic excellence: nor do we believe, that any production, whether of antient or modern date, can exhibit a more uncommon and peculiar selection of language, a greater variety of surprising incidents, a more rapid succession of extraordinary discoveries, a more curious collection of descriptions, similies, metaphors, images, storms, shipwrecks, challenges, and visions, or a more miscellaneous and striking picture of the contending passions of love, hatred, piety, madness, rage, jealousy, remorse, and hunger, than this unparalleled performance presents to the admiration of the enraptured spectator. Mr. Cumberland has been represented, perhaps unjustly, as particularly jealous of the fame of his contemporaries, but we are persuaded he will not be offended when, in the ranks of modern writers, we place him second only to the inimitable author of the *ROLLIAD*.

To

To return from the digression into which a subject so seducing has involuntarily betrayed us. The reader will recollect, that in our last we left MERLIN gratifying the curiosity of ROLLO, with a view of that Assembly of which his Descendant is one day destined to become so conspicuous an ornament. After having given the due preference to the India-Bench, he proceeds to point out to him others of the most distinguished supporters of the present virtuous Administration. Having already mentioned the most confidential friends of the Minister, he now introduces us to the acquaintance of an active young Member, who has upon all occasions been pointedly severe upon the noble Lord in the blue ribbon, and who is remarkable for never having delivered his sentiments upon any subject, whether relating to the East-Indies, the Reform of Parliament, or the Westminster Election, without a copious dissertation upon the principles, causes, and conduct of the American war.

Lo ! BEAUFOY rises, friend to soft repose ;

Whose gentle accents prompt the house to doze :

His

His cadence just, a general sleep provokes,
 Almost as quickly as SIR RICHARD'S jokes.
 Thy slumbers, NORTH, he strives in vain to break,
 When all are sleeping thou would'st scarce awake ;
 Though from his lips severe infectives fell,
 Sharp as the acid he delights to sell.

In explanation of the last line, it may be, perhaps, necessary to apprise our readers, that this accomplished orator, although the elegance of his diction, and smoothness of his manner, partake rather of the properties of oil, is in his commercial capacity, a dealer in vinegar. The speaker alluded to, under the name of Sir Richard, is probably the same whom our author, upon a former occasion, stiled——

Sleep-giving poet of a sleepless night.

The limits of our plan will not allow us to enlarge upon the various beauties with which this part of the work abounds ; we cannot, however, omit the pathetic description of the SPEAKER'S situation, nor the admirable comparison of Lord MAHON preying on his patience, to the vulture devouring

vouring the liver of Prometheus. The necessity of the Speaker's continuing in the chair while the House sits, naturally reminds our author of his favourite Virgil:

———— sedet æternumque sedebit

Infelix Theseus ———

There CORNEWELL sits, and, oh unhappy fate !
Must sit for ever through the long debate ;
Save, when compell'd by Nature's sovereign will,
Sometimes to empty, and sometimes to fill.
Painful pre-eminence ! he hears, 'tis true,
FOX, NORTH, and BURKE, but hears SIR JOSEPH too.

Then follows the simile——

Like sad PROMETHEUS, fasten'd to his rock,
In vain he looks for pity to the clock ;
In vain the' effects of strength'ning porter tries,
And nods to BELLAMY for fresh supplies ;
While vulture-like, the dire MAHON appears,
And, far more savage, rends his suff'ring ears.

NUMBER X.

AMONGST the various pretensions to critical approbation, which are to be found in the excellent and never-sufficiently to be admired production, which is the object of these comments, there is one that will strike the classical observer as peculiarly prominent and praise-worthy ; —namely, the uncommon ability shewn by the author, in the selection of his heroes. The *personæ* that are introduced in the course of this poem, are characters that speak for themselves. The very mention of their names, is a summons to approbation ; and the relation of their history, if given in detail, would prove nothing more than a lengthened panegyric. Who that has heard of the names of a Jenkinson, a Robinson, or a Dundas, has not in the same breath heard also what they are ? This is the secret of our author's science and excellence. It is this that enables him

to omit the dull detail of introductory explanation, and to fasten upon his business, if one may use the expression, flap-dash, and at once.

Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res,

Non secus ac notas auditorem rapit.

HOR.

Homer himself yields, in this respect, to our author ; for who would not perceive the evident injustice done to the modern bard, if we were to place the wisdom of an Ulysses on any competition with the experience of a Pitt ; to mention the bully Ajax, as half so genuine a bully, as the bully Thurlow ; if we were to look upon Nestor as having a quarter of the interesting circumlocution of the ambiguous Nugent ; to consider Achilles as possessed of half the anger of a ROLLE ; or to suppose for a moment, that the famous *wodas-wxus* of antiquity, could run nearly so fast in a rage, as the member for Devon in a fright ; to conceive the yellow-haired Paris to have had half the beauty of the ten times more yellow-haired Villiers ;

to look upon Agamemnon as in any degree so dictatorial to his chiefs as the high-minded Richmond; to consider the friendship of Patroclus, as possessed of a millionth portion of the disinterested attachment of a Dundas; to have any conception that the chosen band of Thessalian Myrmidons, were to be any way compared, in point of implicit submission, to the still more dextrously chosen band of the Minister in the British House of Commons. Or—but there is no end to so invidious a comparison; and we will not expose poor Homer, to the farther mortification of pursuing it.

MERLIN proceeds in his relation, and fixes upon an object that will not, we believe, prove any disgrace to our author's general judgment of selection; namely, that worthy Baronet, and universally admired wit, Sir RICHARD HILL, of whom it may be truly said,

———— Pariter pietate jocisque,
Egregius.

He

He looks upon him as an individual meriting every distinction, and has thought proper therefore, in the last edition of the *ROLLIAD*, though the Baronet had been * slightly touched upon before, to enlarge what was then said, into a more particular description. Speaking of Sir Richard's style of elocution, our author observes—

With quaint formality of sacred smut,
His rev'rend jokes see pious RICHARD cut.
Let meaner talents from the Bible draw
Their faith, their morals These, and Those their law !
His lively genius finds in holy writ
A richer mine of unsuspected wit.
What never Jew, what never Christian taught,
What never fir'd one sectary's heated thought,
What not e'en † ROWLAND dream'd, he saw alone,
And to the wondering senate first made known ;
How bright o'er mortal jokes the Scriptures shine
Resplendent Jest-book of bon-mots divine.

This description will be readily felt, and, we trust, not less cordially admired, by all those who may have enjoyed the pleasure of auricular evidence to Sir Richard's

* See No. III.

† The Reverend ROWLAND HILL, brother of Sir Richard.
oratory.

oratory. The thought of converting the Bible into a *jest book*, is, we believe, quite new ; and not more original in itself, than characteristically just in its application to the speaker. We all know that Saul affected insanity for the sake of religion, in the early periods of our holy faith ; and why so great an example should not be imitated in later times, we leave it to the prophane to shew.

We know not whether it is worth observing, that the eloquence of this illustrious family is not confined to Sir Richard alone ; but that his brother inherits the same gift, and if possible, in a greater degree. It is said, there is an intention of divesting this latter gentleman of his clerical robe, and bringing him into the senate, as the avowed competitor of our modern Cromwell. If this happy event should luckily take place, we shall literally see the observation then realised, that the Ministry will give to their wicked enemies, on the other side of the House, what they have so long wanted and deserved.

“ —A Rowland for their Oliver.”

This, however, by the way. Our author resumes his subject with the following spirited apostrophe :—

Methinks I see him from the Bench arise,
His words all keenness, but all meek his eyes ;
Define the good religion might produce,
Practise its highest excellence—abuse ;
And with his tongue, that two-edged weapon, fliew,
At once, the double worth of Job and Joe.

Job, as some of our more learned readers may know, is a book in the Old Testament, and is used here *per synechdochen*, as a part for the whole. Nothing can be more natural, than the preference given to this book, on this occasion, as Sir Richard is well known in his speeches to be so admirable an auxiliary to its precepts. The person of the name of *Joe*, who has received so laconic a mention in the last line of the above extract, will be recognised by the critical and the intelligent, as the same individual who distinguished himself so eminently in the sixteenth century, as a writer and a wit, namely, Mr. Joseph Miller ; a great genius, and an author,
avowedly

avowedly in the highest estimation with
our learned Baronet.

The business of the composition goes on.—It is evident, however, the poet was extremely averse to quit a subject upon which his congenial talents reposed so kindly. He does not leave Sir Richard, therefore, without the following finished and most high-wrought compliment :

With wit so various, piety so odd,
Quoting by turns from Miller, and from God ;
Shall no distinction wait thy honour'd name ?
No lofty epithet transmit thy fame ?
Forbid it wit, from mirth refin'd away !
Forbid it Scripture, which thou mak'st so gay !
SCIPIO, we know, was AFRICANUS call'd,
RICHARD styl'd LONG-SHANKS—CHARLES furnam'd
The BALD ;
Shall these, for petty merits be renown'd,
And no proud phrase, with panegyric sound,
Swell thy short name, great HILL ?——Here take thy
due,
And hence be call'd the SCRIPTURAL KILLIGREW.

The administration of baptism to adults,
is quite consonant to Sir Richard's
creed;

creed ; and we are perfectly satisfied, there is not a Member in the House of Commons, that will not stand sponsor for him on this honourable occasion. Should any one ask him in future,—who gave you that name ? Sir Richard may fairly and truly reply, My Godfathers, &c. and quote the whole of the lower assembly, as coming under that description.

MERLIN, led, as may be easily supposed, by sympathy of rank, talents, and character, now pointed his wand to another worthy baronet, hardly less worthy of distinction than the last personage himself, namely, Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY. Of him the author sets out with saying,

Let this, ye wise, be ever understood,

SIR JOSEPH is as witty as he's good.—

Here, for the first time, the annotators upon this immortal poem, find themselves compelled, in critical justice to own, that the author has not kept entire pace with the original which he has affected to imitate. The distich, of which the above is a parody, was composed by the worthy

P

hero

hero of this part of the *ROLLIAD*, the amiable Sir Joseph himself, and runs thus:

Ye ladies, of your hearts beware:

SIR JOSEPH's false as he is fair.

How kind, and how discreet a caution ! This couplet, independent of its other merits, possesses a recommendation not frequently found in poetry, the transcendent ornament of Truth. How far, indeed, the falshood of this respectable individual has been displayed in his gallantries, it is not the province of sober criticism to enquire. We take up the assertion with a large comprehension, and with a stricter eye to general character——

SIR JOSEPH's false as he is fair.——

Is it necessary to challenge, what no one will be absurd enough to give—a contradiction to so acknowledged a truth ? Or is it necessary to state to the fashionable reader, that whatever may be the degree of Sir Joseph's boasted falshood, it cannot surpass the fairness of his complexion ? The position,

position, therefore, is what logicians call convertible: nothing can equal his falshood but his fairness; nothing his fairness but his falshood.—Incomparable!

Proceeding to a description of his eloquence, he says,

A sty of pigs, though all at once it squeaks,
Means not so much as MAWBEY when he speaks;
And hist'ry says, he never yet had bred
A pig with such a voice, or such a head!
Except, indeed, when he essays to joke;
And then his wit is truly pig-in-poke.

Describing Sir Joseph's acquisitions as a scholar, the author adds,

His various knowledge I will still maintain,
He is indeed a knowing man in grain.

Some commentators have invidiously suggested, that the last line of this couplet should be printed thus,

He is indeed a knowing man—in grain.

assigning as their reason, that the phrase in grain evidently alludes to bran, with

which Sir Joseph's little grunting commonwealth is supported; and for the discreet and prudent purchase of which our worthy baronet is famous.

Our author concludes his description of this great senator with the following distich:

Such adaptation ne'er was seen before,
His trade a hog is, and his wit—a boar.

It has been proposed to us to amend the spelling of the last word, thus, *bore*; this improvement, however, as it was called, we reject as a calumny.

Where the beauty of a passage is pre-eminently striking as above, we waste not criticism in useless efforts at emendation.

The writer goes on. He tells you he cannot quit this history of wits, without saying something of another individual; whom, however, he describes as every way inferior to the two last mentioned, but who, nevertheless, possesses some pretensions to a place in the *ROLLIAD*. The individual

individual alluded to, is Mr. GEORGE SELWYN. The author describes him as a man possessed of

A plenteous magazine of retail wit
 Vamp'd up at leisure for some future hit;
 Cut for suppos'd occasions, like the trade,
 Where old new things for every shape are made!
 To this assortment well prepar'd at home,
 No human chance unfitted e'er can come:
 No accident, however strange or queer,
 But meets its ready, well-kept comment here.
 —The wary beavers thus their stores increase,
 And spend their winter on their summer's grease.

The whole of the above description will doubtless remind the classic reader of the following beautiful passage in the Tusculan Questions of Cicero: *Nescio quomodo inhæret in mentibus quasi sæculorum quoddam augurium futurorum—idque in maximis ingeniis altissimisque animis existit maxime et apparet facillime.* This will easily account for the system of previous fabrication so well known as the character of Mr. Selwyn's jokes. Speaking of an accident that befel this gentleman in the wars, our author proceeds thus :

Of old, when men from fevers made escape,
 They sacrific'd a Cock to ÆSCULAPE :
 Thus, Love's hot fever now for ever o'er,
 The prey of amorous malady no more,
 SELWYN remembers what his tutor taught,
 That old examples ever should be sought !
 And, gaily grateful, to his surgeon cries,
 " I've given to you the Ancient Sacrifice."

The delicacy with which this historical incident is pourtrayed, would of itself have been sufficient to transmit our author's merit to posterity : and with the above extract we shall finish the present number of our commentaries.

NUMBER XI.

THE next person among the adherents of the Minister, whom MERLIN now points out to the notice of ROLLO, is SIR SAMUEL HANNAY, Baronet, a name recollected with great gratitude in the House: for there are few Members in it to whom he has not been serviceable. This worthy character indeed has done more to disprove Martial's famous assertion,

Non cuicunque datum est habere *nasum*,

than any individual upon record.

The author proceeds—

But why, my HANNAY, does the ling'ring Muse

The tribute of a line to thee refuse?

Say, what distinction most delights thine ear,

Or *Philo-Pill*, or *Philo-Minister*?

Oh! may'st thou none of all thy titles lack,

Or Scot, or Statesman, Baronet, or Quack;

For what is due to him, whose constant view is

Preventing private, or a public lues?

Who

Who, that read the above description, do not during the first impression of it, suppose that they see the worthy Baronet once more the pride of front advertisement—once more dispensing disregard and oblivion amongst all his competitors; and making your Leakes, your Lockyers, and your Velnos,

—hide their diminish'd heads.—

In the passages which immediately follow, the poet goes on to felicitate the community upon the probable advantages to be derived to them from the junction of this illustrious personage with our immaculate Minister. He divides his congratulations into two parts. He first considers the consequence of the union, as they may affect the body personal; and secondly, as they may concern the body politic. Upon the former subject, he says,

This famous pair, in happy league combin'd,
No risques shall man from wand'ring beauty find;
For, should not chaste example save from ill,
There's still a refuge in another's pill.

With

With a sketch equally brief and masterly as the above, he describes his hopes on the other branch of his division.

The body politic no more shall grieve
The motley stains that dire corruptions leave;
No dang'rous humours shall infest the state,
Nor *rotten Members* hasten Britain's fate.

Our author who, notwithstanding his usual and characteristic gravity, has yet not unfrequently an obvious tendency to the sportive, condescends now to take notice of a rumour, which in these times had been universally circulated, that Sir Samuel had parted with his specific, and disposed of it to a gentleman often mentioned, and always with infinite and due respect in the *ROLLIAD*, namely Mr. Dundas.—
Upon this he addresses Sir Samuel with equal truth and good humour in the following couplet :

Then shall thy med'cine boast its native bent,
Then spread its genuine blessing—to prevent.

Our readers cannot but know, it was by the means of a nostrum, emphatically

Q

called

called a *Specific*, that Mr. Dundas so long contrived to prevent the constitutional lues of a *Parliamentary Reform*. The author, however, does not profess to give implicit credit to the fact of Sir Samuel's having ungratefully disposed of his favourite recipe, the happy source of his livelihood and fame ; the more so, as it appears that Mr. Dundas had found the very word *specific*, sufficient for protracting a dreaded political evil on the three several instances of its application. Under this impression of the thing, the poet strongly recommends Sir Samuel to go on in the prosecution of his original profession, and thus expresses his wish upon the occasion, with the correct transcript of which we shall close the history of this great man :

In those snug corners be thy skill display'd,

Where Nature's tribute modestly is paid :

Or near fam'd Temple-bar may some good dame,

Herself past sport, but yet a friend to game.

Disperse thy bills, and eternize thy fame.

MERLIN

MERLIN now calls the attention of our hero to a man whom there is little doubt this country will long remember, and still less, that they will have abundant reason for so doing, namely, Mr. SECRETARY ORDE. It may seem odd by what latent association our author was led to appeal next to the Right Honourable Secretary, immediately after the description of a Quack Doctor; but let it be recollected in the first place, to the honour of Sir Samuel Hannay, that he is, perhaps, the only man of his order that ever had a place in the British House of Commons; and in the second, that there are some leading circumstances in the character of Mr. Orde, which will intitle him to rank under the very same description as the worthy Baronet himself. We all know that the most famous of all physicians, *Le Medecin malgré lui*, is represented by Moliere, as a man who changes the seat of the heart, and reverses the intire position of the vital parts of the human body. Now let it be asked, has not Mr. Orde done this most completely and effectually with respect to

the general body of the State? Has he not transferred the heart of the Empire? Has he not changed its circulation, and altered the situation of the vital part of the whole, from the left to the right, from the one side to the other, from Great-Britain to Ireland?—Surely no one will deny this; and therefore none will be now ignorant of the natural gradation of thought, by which our author was led, from the contemplation of Sir Samuel Hannay, to the character of Mr. Orde.

We know not whether it be worth remarking, that the term *Le Medecin malgré lui*, has been translated into English with the usual incivility of that people to every thing foreign, by the uncourtly phrase of *Mock Doctor*. We trust, however, that no one will think it applicable in this interpretation to Mr. Orde, as it is pretty evident he has displayed no mockery in his State practices, but has performed the character of Moliere's *Medecin*, even beyond the notion of the original; by having effected, in sad and sober truth, to the

the full as complete a change in the position of the *Cœur de l'Empire*, as the lively fancy of the Dramatist had imputed to his physician, with respect to the human body, in mere speculative joke.

With a great many apologies for so long a note, we proceed now to the much more pleasant part of our duty—that of transcribing from this excellent composition; and proceed to the description of Mr. Orde's person, which the Poet commences thus:

Tall and erect, unmeaning, mute, and pale,
O'er his blank face no gleams of thought prevail;
Wan as the man in classic story fam'd,
Who told Old PRIAM that his Iliou flam'd;
Yet soon the time will come when speak he shall,
And at his voice another Iliou fall!

The excellence of this description consists, as that of a portrait always must, in a most scrupulous and inveterate attention to likeness.—Those who know the original, will not question the accuracy of resemblance on this occasion. The idea conveyed in the last line,

And

And at his voice another Ilion fall.

is a spirited imitation of the *fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium*, of Virgil, and a most statesman-like anticipation of the future fate of England.

The author now takes an opportunity of shewing the profundity of his learning in British history. He goes on to say,

CÆSAR, we know, with anxious effort try'd,
To swell, with Britain's name, his triumph's pride :
Oft he essay'd, but still essay'd in vain ;
Great in herself, she mock'd the menac'd chain.
But fruitless all—for what was CÆSAR's sword
To thy all-conquering speeches, mighty ORDE !!!

Our author cannot so far resist his classical propensity in this place, as to refrain from the following allusion ; which, however, must be confessed at least, to be applied with justice.

AMPHION's lyre, they say, could raise a town ;
ORDE's elocution pulls a Nation down.

He proceeds with equal spirit and erudition to another circumstance in the earlier periods of English history,

The lab'ring bosom of the teeming North
 Long pour'd, in vain, her valiant offspring forth;
 For GOTH or VANDAL, once on British shore,
 Relax'd his nerve, and conquer'd states no more.
 Not so the VANDAL of the modern time,
 This latter offspring of the Northern clime;
 He, with a breath, gives Britain's wealth away,
 And smiles, triumphant, o'er her setting ray.

It will be necessary to observe here, that after much enquiry and very laborious search, as to the birth-place of the Right Honourable Secretary (for the honour of which, however difficult now to discover, Hibernia's cities will, doubtless, hereafter contend) we found that he was born in NORTHUMBERLAND; which, added to other circumstances, clearly establishes the applicability of the description of the word *Goth*, &c. and particularly in the lines where he calls him the

—— VANDAL of the modern time,
 The latter offspring of the Northern clime.

Having investigated, with an acumen and minuteness seldom incident to genius, and very rarely met with in the sublimer
 poetry,

poetry, all the circumstances attending an event which he emphatically describes as the *Revolution* of seventeen hundred and eighty-five, he makes the following address to the English :

No more, ye English, high in classic pride,
The phrase uncouth of Ireland's sons deride ;
For say, ye wise, which most performs the fool,
Or he who *speaks*, or he who *acts*—a BULL.

The Poet catches fire as he runs ;

—— Poetica furgit

Tempestat.

He approximates now to the magnificent, or perhaps more properly to the *mania* of Poetry, and, like another Cassandra, begins to try his skill at prophecy ; like her he predicts truly, and like her, for the present at least, is not, perhaps, very implicitly credited.—He proceeds thus,

'Rapt into future times, the Muse surveys,
The rip'ning wonders of succeeding days :
Sees Albion prostrate, all her splendour gone !
In useless tears her pristine state bemoan ;
Sees the fair sources of her pow'r and pride,
In purer channels roll their golden tide ;

Sees .

Sees her at once of wealth and honour shorn,
 No more the nations' envy, but their scorn ;
 A sad example of capricious fate,
 Portentous warning to the proud and great :
 Sees Commerce quit her desolated isle,
 And seek in other climes a kinder foil ;
 Sees fair Ierne rise from England's flame,
 And build on British ruin, Irish fame.

The Poet in the above passage, is supposed to have had an eye to Juno's address to Æolus in the first book of the *Æneid*.

Gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat æquor
Ilium in Italiam portans, Victos quæ Penates.

NUMBER XII.

THOUGH we have at length nearly exhausted the beauties of that part of our author's work, in which the characters of the leading Members of the House of Commons are so poetically and forcibly delineated; we shall find, however, that the genius of the poet seems to receive fresh vigour, as he approaches the period of his exertions, in the illustrious Mr. ROLLE. What can be more sublime or picturesque than the following description?

Erect in person, see yon Knight advance,
 With trusty 'Squire, who bears his shield and lance;
 The Quixote HOWARD! Royal Windsor's pride,
 And Sancho Panca POWNEY by his side:
 A monarch's champion, with indignant frown
 And haughty mien, he casts his gauntlet down;
 Majestic sits, and hears, devoid of dread,
 The dire Philippicks whizzing round his head.
 Your venom'd shafts, ye sons of Faction spare;
 However keen, they cannot enter there.

And

And how well do these lines, immediately succeeding, describe the manner of speaking, which characterizes an orator of such considerable weight and authority.

He speaks, he speaks ! Sedition's chiefs around,
With unfeign'd terror hear the solemn sound ;
While little POWNEY cheers with livelier note,
And shares his triumph in a silent vote.

Some have ignorantly objected to this as an instance of that figure for which a neighbouring kingdom is so generally celebrated, vulgarly distinguished by the appellation of a *Bull*; erroneously conceiving a silent vote to be incompatible with the vociferation here alluded to: those, however, who have attended parliamentary debates, will inform them, that numbers who most loudly exert themselves, in what is called *cheering* speakers, are not upon that account entitled to be themselves considered as such.—Our author has indeed done injustice to the worthy member in question, by classing him among the number of mutes, he having uniformly taken a very active part in all debates relating to the mi-

litia ; of which truly constitutional body, he is a most respectable Pillar, and one of the most conspicuous ornaments.

It is unquestionably the highest praise we can bestow upon a member of the British House of Commons, to say, that he is a faithful representative of the people, and upon all occasions speaks the real sentiments of his constituents ; nor can an honest ambition to attain the first dignities of the state, by honourable means, be ever imputed to him as a crime. The following encomium, therefore, must be acknowledged to have been justly merited by a noble Lord, whose independent and disinterested conduct has drawn upon him the censures of disappointed faction.

The Noble CONVERT, Berwick's honour'd choice,
That faithful echo of the people's voice,
One day, to gain an Irish title glad,
For Fox he voted—so the people bad ;
'Mongst English Lords ambitious grown to sit,
Next day the people bade him vote for PITT ;
To join the stream, our Patriot nothing loth,
By turns discreetly gave his voice to both,

The

The title of Noble Convert, which was bestowed upon his Lordship by a Speaker of the degraded Whig faction, is here most judiciously adopted by our Author, implying thereby that this denomination, intended, no doubt, to convey a severe reproach, ought rather to be considered as a subject of panegyric: this is turning the artillery of the enemy against themselves—

“ Neque lex est justior ulla, &c.”

In the next character introduced, some persons may perhaps object to the seeming impropriety of alluding to a bodily defect; especially one which has been the consequence of a most cruel accident; but when it is considered, that the mention of the personal imperfection is made the vehicle of an elegant compliment to the superior qualifications of the mind, this objection, though founded in liberality, will naturally fall to the ground.

The circumstance of one of the Representatives of the first city in the world having lost his leg, while bathing in the
 sea,

sea, by the bite of a shark, is well known ; nor can the dexterity with which he avails himself of the use of an artificial one, have escaped the observation of those who have seen him in the House of Commons, any more than the remarkable humility with which he is accustomed to introduce his very pointed and important observations upon the matters in deliberation before that august assembly.

“ One moment’s time might I presume to beg ? ”

Cries modest WATSON, on his wooden leg ;

That leg, in which such wond’rous art is shown,

It almost seems to serve him like his own ;

Oh ! had the monster, who for breakfast eat

That luckless limb, his nobler noddle met,

The best of workmen, nor the best of wood,

Had scarce supply’d him with a head so good.

To have asserted that neither the utmost extent of human skill, nor the greatest perfection in the materials, could have been equal to an undertaking so arduous, would have been a species of adulation so fulsome, as to have shocked the known modesty of the worthy magistrate ; but the forcible

forcible manner in which the difficulty of supplying so capital a loss is expressed, conveys, with the utmost delicacy, a handsome, and, it must be confessed, a most justly merited compliment to the Alderman's abilities.

The imitation of celebrated writers is recommended by Longinus, and has, as our readers must have frequently observed, been practised with great success, by our author ; yet we cannot help thinking that he has pushed the precept of this great critic somewhat too far, in having condescended to copy, may we venture to say with too much servility, a genius so much inferior to himself as Mr. Pope. We allude to the following lines :

Can I, NEWHAVEN, FERGUSON forget,
While Roman spirit charms, or Scottish wit ?
MACDONALD, shining a refulgent star,
To light alike the senate and the bar ;
And HARLEY, constant to support the Throne,
Great follower of its interests, and his own.

The substitution of *Scottish* for *Attic*, in the second line, is unquestionably an improve-

provement, since however Attic wit may have been proverbial in ancient times, the natives of Scotland are so confessedly distinguished among modern nations for this quality, that the alteration certainly adds considerable force to the compliment. But however happily and justly the characters are here described, we cannot think this merit sufficient to counterbalance the objection we have presumed to suggest, and which is principally founded upon the extreme veneration and high respect we entertain for the genius of our author.

Mr. Addison has observed, that Virgil falls infinitely short of Homer in the characters of his Epic Poem, both as to their variety and novelty, but he could not with justice have said the same of the author of the *ROLLIAD*; and we will venture to assert, that the single book of this Poem, now under our consideration, is, in this respect, superior to the whole, both of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* together. The characters succeed each other with a rapidity that

scarcely

scarcely allows the reader time to admire and feel their several beauties.

GALWAY and GIDEON, in themselves a host,
Of York and Coventry the splendid boast ;
WHITBREAD and ONGLEY, pride of Bedford's vale,
This fam'd for selling, that for saving ale ;
And NANCY POULETT, as the morning fair,
Bright as the sun, but common as the air ;
Inconstant nymph ! who still with open arms,
To ev'ry Minister devotes her charms.

But when the Poet comes to describe the character of the hero of his work, the present Member for the county of Devon, whom MERLIN points out to his illustrious ancestor, as uniting in himself all the various merits of the worthies whose excellencies he has recorded, he seems to rise even above himself.—It is impossible to do justice to his character, without transcribing the whole, which would exceed the limits of our work ; we shall therefore only give to our readers the concluding lines, because they contain characteristic observations upon other distinguished Members,

most of whom have hitherto passed unnoticed.

In thee, my son, shall ev'ry virtue meet,
 To form both senator and man complete ;
 A mind like WRAY's, with stores of fancy fraught,
 The wise Sir WATKIN's vast extent of thought ;
 Old NUGENT's style, sublime, yet ne'er obscure,
 With BAMBER's Grammar, as his conscience pure ;
 BRETT's brilliant fallies, MARTIN's sterling sense,
 And GILBERT's wit, that never gave offence :
 Like WILKES, a zealot in his Sovereign's cause,
 Learn'd as MACDONALD in his country's laws ;
 Acute as AUBREY, as Sir LLOYD polite,
 As EASTWICKE lively, and as AMBLER bright.

The justice of * the compliment to SIR
 CECIL WRAY, will not be disputed by
 those

* The characteristic of *Fancy*, which our Poet has attributed to Sir Cecil, must not be misunderstood. It is a *Fancy* of the chastized kind ; distinguished for that elegant simplicity, which the French call *naïveté*, and the Greeks *αφαιμία*. We shall insert here two or three of the shorter specimens.

To CÆLIA, (now Lady WRAY) on seeing her the 8th of
 August, 1776, powdering her Hair.

E X T E M P O R E.

Thy locks, I trow, fair maid,
 Don't never want this aid :

Wherefore

those who have been fortunate enough to have met with the beautiful specimens of juvenile poetry, with which some of his friends have lately indulged the public.

Johannes Scriblerus, a lineal descendant of the learned and celebrated Martinus, reads “Starling Martin’s sense,” alluding to that powerful opponent of the detestable Coalition having recommended, that a bird

Wherefore thy powder spare,

And only *comb* thy hair.

To SIR JOSEPH MAWBEY, proposing, in consequence of a previous Engagement, a Party to go a fishing for White-Bait,

Worthy SIR JOE, we all are wishing,

You’ll come with us a White-Bait fishing.

A Thought on NEW MILK some Time toward the Spring of the Year 1773.

Oh! how charming is New Milk!

Sweet as sugar!—smooth as silk!

An IDEA on a PECK of COALS.

I buy my Coals by peck, that we

May have ’em *fresh* and *fresh*, d’ye see.

of that species should be placed on the right of the Speaker's chair, after having been taught to repeat the word Coalition, in order to remind the house of that disgraceful event, which had nearly established an efficient and strong government in this country: to which severe and admirable stroke of satire, the object of it clumsily and uncivilly answered, that whilst that gentleman sat in the house, he believed the Starling might be allowed to perform his office by deputy. We have, however, ventured to differ from this great authority, and shall continue to read, "Martin's Sterling sense," as well because we are of opinion that these words are peculiarly applicable to the gentleman alluded to, as that it does not appear probable our author should have been willing to make his poem the vehicle of an indecent sarcasm, upon a person of such eminent abilities.

The compliment to Mr. B. G. in the comparison of the purity of his language, to the integrity of his conduct, is happily

2 2

con-

conceived ; but that to the ingenious Mr. Gilbert, the worthy Chairman of the Committee of Supply, is above all praise, and will, we are persuaded, notwithstanding the violence of party, by all sides be admitted to be strictly just.

NUMBER XIII.

AFTER concluding the review of the Ministerialists with the young Marcellus of the Poem, the illustrious Mr. ROLLE; our author directs the attention of DUKE ROLLO to the Opposition-bench, He notices the cautious silence of MERLIN relative to that side of the House, and rather inquisitively asks the reason; on which the Philosopher (a little unphilosophically, we must confess) throws himself into a violent passion, and for a long time is wholly incapable of articulating a syllable. This is a common situation in poets both ancient and modern, as in Virgil and Milton;

Ter conata loqui, &c.

Thrice he essay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn

Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth, &c.

but we will venture to assert, that it was never painted in a manner half so lively, as by the author of the ROLLIAD.

Thrice

Thrice he essay'd, but thrice in vain essay'd :

His tongue, throat, teeth, and lips, refus'd their aid :

Till now the stifled breath a passage broke ;

He gasp'd, he gap'd—but not a word he spoke.

How accurately, and learnedly has the poet enumerated all the organs of speech, which separately and jointly refuse to execute their respective offices ! How superior is this to the simpling cleaving of the tongue to the palate, the *Vox faucibus hæsit* of Virgil. For as Quintilian observes, a detail of particulars is infinitely better than any general expression, however strong. Then the poor Prophet obtains a little remission of his paroxysm ; he begins to breathe convulsively—*he gasped* ; he opens his mouth to its utmost extent—*he gaped* ; our expectations are raised, and alas ! he still continues unable to utter—*not a word he spoke*. Surely nothing can be more natural in point of truth, than all the circumstances of this inimitable description : nothing more artful in point of effect, than the suspense and attention which it begets in the mind of the reader !

At

At length, however, MERLIN recovers his voice; and breaks out into a strain of most animated invective, infinitely superior to every thing of the kind in Homer; though the old Grecian must be acknowledged not to want spirit in the altercations or scolding-matches of his Heroes and Gods. The Prophet begins, as a man in any great emotion always must, at the middle of a verse;

Tatterdemalions,
 Scald miserables, Rascals, and Rascalions,
 Buffoons, Dependants, Parasites, Toad-eaters,
 Knaves, Sharpers, Black-legs, Palmers, Coggers, Cheaters,
 Scrubs, Vagrants, Beggars, Mumpers, Ragamuffins,
 Rogues, Villains, Bravos, Desperados, Ruffians,
 Thieves, Robbers, Cut-throats, &c. &c. &c.

And in this manner he proceeds, with single appellatives of reproach, for ten or twelve lines further; when, his virtuous indignation a little subsiding, or his Dictionary failing, he becomes more circumlocutory; as for instance,

Burglarious Scoundrels, that again would steal
 The PREMIER's Plate, and CHANCELLOR's Great Seal;
 Of

Of public Murderers, Patrons, and Allies,
Hirelings of France, their country's enemies, &c.

which style he continues for more than twenty lines.

We are truly sorry, that the boundaries of our plan would not allow us to present our readers with the whole of this finished passage in detail ; as it furnishes an indisputable proof, that, however the Greek language may have been celebrated for its copiousness, it must yield in that respect to the English. For if we were to collect all the terms of infamy bandied about*, from Æschines to Demosthenes, and from Demosthenes back again to Æschines ; and if to these we should add in Latin the whole torrent of calumny poured by Cicero on Antony and Piso ; though the ancient orators were tolerably fluent in this kind of eloquence, they would, all together, be found to fall very short of our poet, shackled as he is with rhyme, in the force no less than the variety of his objugatory epithets.

* More particularly in their two famous orations, which are entitled "*On the Crown*."

At the same time it must not be concealed, that he possessed one very considerable advantage in the rich repositories of our ministerial news-papers. He has culled the flowers, skimmed the cream, and extracted the very quintessence of those elegant productions with equal industry and success. Indeed, such of our readers as are conversant with the Morning Post and Public Advertiser, the White-Hall, the St. James's, and in short, the greater part of the evening prints, will immediately discover the passage now before us to be little more than a cento. It is however such a cento as indicates the man of genius, whom puny scribblers may in vain endeavour to imitate the NEW ROLLIADS.

It is possible, MERLIN might even have gone on much longer : but he is interrupted by one of those disturbances which frequently prevail in the House of Commons. The confusion is finely described in the following broken couplet :

Spoke ! spoke !—Sir—Mr. Speaker—Order there !

I rise—spoke !—Question ! Question !—Chair ! Chair !

Chair !

This

This incident is highly natural, and introduced with the greatest judgment, as it gives another opportunity of exhibiting Mr. ROLLE, and in a situation, where he always appears with conspicuous pre-eminence.

Great ROLLO look'd, amaz'd; nor without fears,
His hands applied by instinct to his ears :
He look'd, and lo ! amid the wild acclaim
Discern'd the future glory of his name ;
O'er this new Babel of the noisy croud,
More fierce, than all, more turbulent, more loud,
Him yet he heard, with thund'ring voice contend,
“ Him first, him last, him midst, him without end.”

This concluding line our author has condescended to borrow from Milton ; but how apposite and forcible is the application ! How emphatically does it express the noble perseverance with which the Member for Devonshire has been known to persist on these occasions, in opposition to the Speaker himself.

ROLLO, however, is at length wearied,
as the greatest admirers of Mr. ROLLE

have sometimes been, with the triumphs of his illustrious descendant.

But ROLLO, as he clos'd his ears before,
Now tired, averts his eyes, to see no more.
Observant MERLIN, while he turn'd his head,
The lantern shifted, and the vision fled.

To understand this last line, our reader must recollect, that though the characters introduced in this vision are preternaturally endowed with seeming powers of speech, yet the forms or shadows of them are shewn by means of a magic lantern.

Having now concluded our observations upon this part of the Poem—we shall close them with remarking, that as our author evidently borrowed the idea of this vision, in which the character of future times are described, from Virgil, he has far surpassed his original; and as his description of the present House of Commons, may not improbably have called to his mind the Pandæmonium of Milton, we do not scruple to assert, that in the execution of his design, that great master of the sublime has fallen infinitely short of him.

NUMBER XIV.

OUR readers may possibly think, that verses enough have been already devoted to the celebration of Mr. ROLLE; the Poet however is not of the same opinion. To crown the whole, he now proceeds to commemorate the column which is shortly to be erected on the spot, where the Member for Devonshire formerly went to school, application having been made to Parliament for leave to remove the school from its present situation; and a motion being intended to follow, for appropriating a sum of money to mark the scene and record the fact of Mr. ROLLE's education, for the satisfaction of posterity, who might otherwise have been left in a state of uncertainty, whether this great man had any education at all.

MERLIN first shews ROLLO the school,
The transition to this object from the present
sent

sent House of Commons is easy and obvious. Indeed, the striking similarity between the two visions is observed by ROLLO in the following passage :

The Hero sees, thick-swarming round the place,
In bloom of early youth, a busy race ;

Propria quæ maribus, with barbarous sound,

Syntax and *prosody* his ear confound.

“ And say (he cries) Interpreter of fate,

“ Oh ! say, is this some jargon of debate ?

“ What means the din, and what the scene, proclaim ?

“ Is this another vision, or the same ?

“ For trust me, Prophet, to my ears, my eyes,

“ A second House of Commons seems to rise.”

MERLIN however rectifies the mistake of the good Duke : and points out to him his great descendant, in the shape of a lubberly boy, as remarkably mute on this occasion, as we lately found him in the House,

More fierce than all, more turbulent, more loud.

The flagellation of Mr. ROLLE succeeds, which, as MERLIN informs ROLLO, is his daily discipline. The sight of the rod, which the Pædagogus flourishes with a degree of savage triumph over the exposed, and

and bleeding youth, awakens all the feelings of the ancestor.

Stay, monster, stay ! he cries in hasty mood,
Throw that dire weapon down—behold my blood !

We quote this couplet the rather, because it proves our author to be as good a Critic as a Poet. For the last line is undoubtedly a new reading of Virgil's,

Projice tela manu,—Sanguis meus !

And how much more spirited is this interpretation,

————— behold my blood !

than the commonly received construction of the Latin words, by which they are made to signify simply, “ O my son ! ” and that too, with the assistance of a poetical licence. There is not a better emendation in all the *Virgilius Restauratus* of the learned *Martínus Scriblerus*.

On the exclamation of *ROLLO*, which we have just quoted, the Prophet perceiving that he has moved his illustrious
visitor

visitor a little too far, administers every consolation,

“ Thy care dismiss (the Seer replied, and smil'd)

“ Tho' rods awhile may weal the sacred child,

“ In vain ten thousand * BUSBIES should employ

“ Their pedant arts his genius to destroy;

“ In vain at either end thy ROLLE assail,

“ To learning proof alike at head and tail.”

Accordingly this assurance has its proper effect in cal: ing the mind of the Duke.

But the great topic of comfort, or we should rather say of exultation to him, is the prophecy of the column, with which MERLIN concludes his speech :

Where now he suffers, on this hallow'd land,

A Column, public Monument, shall stand :

And many a Bard around the sculptur'd base,

In many a language his renown shall trace ;

In French, Italian, Latin, and in Greek :

That all, whose curious search this spot shall seek,

May read, and reading tell at home, return'd ;

How much great ROLLE was flogg'd, how little learn'd.

* Dr. Busby, formerly master of Westminster school, was famous for his consumption of birch. MERLIN uses his name here by the spirit of prophecy.

What

What a noble, and what a just character of the great ROLLE is contained in the last line ! A mind tinctured with modern prejudices may be at a loss to discover the compliment. But our author is a man of erudition, and draws his ideas from ancient learning, even where he employs that learning, like * Erasmus and the admirable Creichton, in praise of ignorance. Our classical readers therefore will see in this portrait of Mr. ROLLE, the living resemblance of the ancient Spartans ; a people the pride of Greece, and admiration of the world, who are peculiarly distinguished in history for their systematic contempt of the fine arts, and the patience with which they taught their children to bear floggings.

The School now vanishes, and the Column rises, properly adorned with the inscriptions, which the philosopher explains. But as we have been favoured with correct copies of the inscriptions themselves, which were selected from a much greater number

* Erasmus wrote an *Encomium of Folly*, with abundant wit and learning. For Creichton see the Adventurer.

composed by our universities, we shall here desert our Poet, and present the public with the originals.

The two first are in Greek; and, agreeably to the usual style of Greek inscriptions, relate the plain fact in short and simple, but elegant and forcible phraseology.

Ωδε το Ρητορικης δεινον γομα θανυμα τε Βυλης,
Πρωτα ΔΕΒΩΝΙΖΕΙΝ απεμανθανε παις ωδε ΡΩΛΛΟΣ.

The word ΔΕΒΩΝΙΖΕΙΝ is not to be found in our Lexicons; but we presume, that it means “to speak the dialect of Devonshire;” from ΔΕΒΩΝΙΑ, which is Greek for Devonshire. Accordingly, we have so rendered it in a translation, which we have attempted for the benefit of country gentlemen and the ladies.

The Senate’s wonder, ROLLE * of mighty tongue,
Here first his Devonshire unlearn’d, when young.

How simple, yet how full is the expression of this distich! How perfectly does it agree with the notion, which our Poet has in-

* The literal English is “*vehement mouth of oratory.*”

culcated, of Mr. ROLLE ! He was employed at school not to learn but to unlearn ; his whole progress, was, like a crab's, backward.

There is a beauty in the Greek which it is impossible to preserve in English ; the word which we have translated "*unlearned*," is in the imperfect tense : and, in the nicety of that accurate language implies, that the action was begun, but not completed ; that Mr. ROLLE made some proficiency in unlearning his Devonshire ; but had not effectually accomplished it during his stay at the school.

The other Greek inscription has something more ingenious, from a seeming paradox in the turn of it :

Οὗτος ο μνηστὴς πᾶσι τι μαθὼν πρὸς μνηστὴς, ὡς

Παις πρὸς ΡΩΔΔΙΑΔΗΣ, οσσαπερ οἶδ', ἐμαθεν.

He, who to learning nothing owes,

Here ROLLE, a boy, learn'd all he knows.

By which concluding word "*knows*," we must certainly understand acquired know-

ledge only; since Mr. ROLLE has been celebrated by our Poet in the most unequivocal manner, as may be seen in the twelfth number of our Criticisms, for his great natural faculties. The sense of this last Epigram will then be merely, that the Member for Devonshire had no particle of acquired knowledge; but is an *autodidaxlos*, a self-taught scholar, a character so much admired in ancient times. The Latin inscription is as follows:

Hic ferulæ, dextram, hîc, virgis cædenda magistri,

Nuda dedit patiens tergora ROLLIADÆ.

At non ROLLIADEN domuerunt verbera; non, quæ

Nescio quid gravius præmonuere, minæ.

Ah! quoties illum æqualis mirata corona est

Nec lacrymam in pænis rumpere, nec gemitum!

Ah! quoties, cum supplicio jam incumberet, ipî

*ORBILLO cecidit victa labore manus!

I, puer; I, forti tolerando pectore plagas,

Æmula ROLLIADÆ nomina disce sequi.

Here to the ferule ROLLE his hand resign'd,

Here to the rod he bar'd the parts behind;

* A great flogger of antiquity,

———Memini quæ *plagesum* mihi parvo

Orbilium dictare.

HOR.

But

But him no stripes subdu'd, and him no fear
 Of menac'd wrath in future more severe.
 How oft the youthful circle wond'ring saw
 That pain from him nor tear, nor groan could draw !
 How oft, when still unmov'd, he long'd to jerk,
 The master's wearied hand forsook the work !
 Go, boy ; and scorning rods, or ferules, aim
 By equal worth to rival ROLLE in fame.

The beauty of these lines, we presume, is too obvious to require any comment. We will confidently affirm, that they record as glorious an example of patience as any to be found in all the History of the Flagellants, though the ingenious M. De Lolme has extended the subject into a handsome Quarto.

The Italian inscription is a kind of short dialogue, in which the traveller is introduced, demanding the name of the person to whom the pillar is erected.

A chi si sta questa colonna ? Al ROLLE ;
 Che di parlar apprese in questo loco
 Greco e Latino nò, ma Inglese—un poco.
 Basta così. Chi non fa il resto, è folle.

This

This abrupt conclusion we think very fine. It has however been censured as equivocal. Some critics have urged, that the same turn has, in fact, been applied equally to men greatly famous and greatly infamous: to Johannes Mirandula, and Colonel Chartres; and in the present case, say these cavillers, it may be construed to signify either that the rest is too well known to require repetition, or that there is nothing more to be known. But the great character of Mr. ROLLE will at once remove all ambiguity.

The French inscription was furnished by Mr. ROLLE himself on the day of his election. The idea was first expressed by him in English, and then done into French verse by the * Dutch Dancing-master at Exeter, to whom Mr. ROLLE is indebted for

* Mynheer Hoppingen Van Capéragen, who soon after the publication of our first authentic Edition, sent the following letter to Mr. Ridgway :

D'Exeter, ce 18 Avril, 1785.

“ Je suis fort étonné, Monsieur, que vous ayez eu la hardiesse d'admettre dans “ *La Critique de la Rolliade,*” une accusation contre moi qui n'est nullement fondée, et qui tend à me nuire dans l'esprit de tous les amateurs des beaux

for his extraordinary proficiency in that science.

Ne pouvoir point parler à mon chien je reproche ;
Moi, j'acquis en ces lieux le don de la parole :
Je vais donc, & bien vite, à Londres par le coche,
Faire entendre au Senat, que je suis un vrai Rolle.

The *par le coche* seems to be an addition of the Dancing-master, who was certainly no very great poet, as appears by his use of feminine rhymes only, without any mixture of masculine ; an irregularity perfectly inadmissible, as all our polite readers must know, in the nicety of French prosody.

beaux arts. Sachez, Monsieur, que je me suis donné la peine de traduire *mot à mot* la celebre inscription, de mon digne élève et protecteur, *Mr. Rolle* ; que je n'y ai rien ajouté, et que dans le vers où il est question *du coche*, votre Critique n'auroit dû voir qu'une preuve de l'économie de mon fusdit *Mécène*. Quant aux rimes féminines que l'auteur me reproche avec tant d'aigreur, je vous dirai qu'il n'y a rien de *mâle* dans l'esprit de *Mr. Rolle*, et que j'aurois blessé sa délicatesse en m'y prenant autrement ; d'ailleurs je me moque des usages, et je ne veux pas que mes vers sautent à clochepied, comme ceux des poëtes François, qui n'entendent rien à la dance. Je ne doute pas que vous approuviez mon sentiment là dessus, et que vous me fassiez rendre justice sur l'objet de ma plainte : en attendant, je vous prie de croire que je suis, avec le plus vif attachement,

Monsieur, votre tres obeissant serviteur,

HOPPINGEN VAN CAPERAGEN."

We

We shall subjoin for the entertainment of our readers an inscription in the parish school at Rouen, which was written about a century since on the original ROLLO.

Ici ROLLON, fessé soir & matin,
 Beaucoup souffrit, point n'apprit de Latin.
 Aux fiers combats bien mieux joua son rôle :
 Tuer des gens lui parut chose drôle.
 Femme eponsa, plus douce que fatin,
 Et, par bonheur, déjà veuve & catin ;
 D'elle recut un fils & la v——le.
 Ainsi, Lecteur, naquit le premier ROLLE !

But to return to our author. After the vision of the column, MERLIN proceeds in a short speech to intimate to ROLLO, that higher honours may yet await his descendant in the House of Lords,

Where ROLLE may be, what ROLLO was before.

This, as may be naturally supposed, excites the curiosity of the Duke ; but MERLIN declares, that it is not permitted him to reveal the glories of the Upper House. The hero must first fulfil his fates, by mortally wounding the Saxon Drummer, whom Providence shall inspire in his last moments for this particular purpose.

Ere yet thou know, what higher honours wait
 Thy future race, accomplish thou thy fate.
 When now the bravest of our Saxon train
 Beneath thy conquering arms shall press the plain ;
 What yet remains, his voice divine in death
 Shall tell, and Heav'n for this shall lengthen out his
 breath.

Which last line is most happily lengthened out into an alexandrine, to make the sound an echo to the sense. The pause too after the words " shall tell," finely marks the sudden catches and spasmodic efforts of a dying man. Some extracts from the Drummer's prophecies have already been given to the public ; and from these specimens of his loquacity with a thrust in quarte through his lungs, our readers will probably see the propriety with which the immediate hand of Heaven is here introduced. The most rigid critic will not deny that here is truly the

Dignus vindice nodus,

which Horace requires to justify the interposition of a Divinity.

We are now come to the concluding lines of the sixth book. Our readers are probably acquainted with the commonly-received superstition relative to the exit of Magicians, that they are carried away by Devils. The poet has made exquisite use of this popular belief, though he could not help returning in the last line to his favourite Virgil. Classical observers will immediately perceive the allusion to

—Revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras
Hic labor, hoc opus est;

in the description of ROLLO's re-ascent from the night-cellar into the open air.

The Prophet foreseeing his instant end,

“ At once, farewell,” he said. But, as he said,
Like mortal bailiffs to the fight array'd,
Two fiends advancing seiz'd, and bore away
To their dark dens the much-resisting prey :
While ROLLO nimbly clamber'd in a fright,
Tho' steep, and difficult the way, to light.

And thus ends the sixth book of the ROLLIAD, which we have chosen for the subject of the FIRST PART of our CRITICISMS.

CISMS. In the second part, which is now going on in the Morning-Herald, where the first draughts of the present numbers were originally published, we shall pursue our Commentary through the House of Peers ; and in a third part, for which we are now preparing and arranging materials, it is our intention to present our readers with a series of anecdotes from the political history of our ministry, which our author has artfully contrived to interweave in his inimitable poem.

And here, while we are closing this first Part, we cannot but congratulate ourselves, that we have been the humble instruments of first calling the attention of the learned to this wonderful effort of modern genius, the fame of which has already exceeded the limits of this island, and perhaps may not be circumscribed by the present age ; which, we have the best reason to believe, will very shortly diffuse the glory of our present Rulers in many and distant quarters of the globe ; and which may not improbably descend to exhibit them in their true colours to remote posterity. That we
indeed

indeed imagine our Criticisms to have contributed very much to this great popularity of the *ROLLIAD*, we will not attempt to conceal. And this persuasion shall animate us to continue our endeavours with redoubled application, that we may complete, as early as possible, the design, which we have some time since formed to ourselves, and which we have now submitted to the Public; happy, if that which is yet to come, be received with the same degree of favour as this, which is now finished, so peculiarly experienced even in its most imperfect condition.

F I N I S.

CRITICISMS

ON

THE ROLLIAD.

PART THE SECOND.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. RIDGWAY, NO. 1, YORK-STREET, ST.

JAMES'S-SQUARE.

1790.

CRITICAL

150.

ADVERTISEMENT.

J. RIDGWAY has to apologize to the Public for the long delay that has attended the SECOND PART OF THE CRITICISMS ON THE ROLLIAD: but as it originated in his anxiety to render the publication as correct as possible, and in his being totally deprived of the assistance of the gentleman who so kindly superintended the arrangement of the FIRST PART—he trusts that he shall in some measure stand excused. He is at length, however, enabled, by the indulgence of the authors, not only to give a CORRECT EDITION of such numbers as have already appeared in the public prints, but to add to them two numbers entirely new. He has also been favoured with the FIVE POLITICAL ECLOGUES, which are printed immediately after the ROLLIAD—two of which are also entirely new, and the others materially altered. It may be just necessary to say, that the ECLOGUES were written some time since, and intended as a
distinct

distinct publication ; but some circumstances having prevented this, they are now offered to the public as no improper APPENDIX to the political JEUX D'ESPRITS of the same authors ; which, by the present edition of the ROLLIAD, with the addition of the PROBATIONARY ODES and POLITICAL MISCELLANIES, may now be considered as being COMPLETELY COLLECTED.

C R I T I C I S M S

O N

T H E R O L L I A D.

PART THE SECOND.

Nº. I.

WE have now followed our admirable author thro' the *Sixth Book* of his poem; very much to our own edification, and, we flatter ourselves, no less to the satisfaction of our readers. We have shewn the art with which he has introduced a description of the leading characters of our present House of Commons, by a contrivance something similar indeed to that employed by Virgil; but at the same time sufficiently unlike to substantiate his own claim to originality. And surely every candid critic will admit, that had he satisfied himself

with the same device, in order to panegyryze his favourites in the other House, he would have been perfectly blameless. But to the writer of the *ROLLIAD*, it was not sufficient to escape censure ; he must extort our praise, and excite our admiration.

Our classical readers will recollect, that all Epic Heroes possess, in common with the poets who celebrate their actions, the gift of *prophecy* ; with this difference however, that poets prophecy while they are in sound health, whereas the hero never begins to talk about futurity, until he has received such a mortal wound in his lungs as would prevent any man but a hero from talking at all : and it is probably in allusion to this circumstance, that the power of divination is distinguished in North Britain by the name of *SECOND SIGHT*, as commencing when common vision ends. This faculty has been attributed to dying warriors, both by *Homer* and *Virgil* ; but neither of these poets have made so good use of it as our author, who has introduced into the last dying speech of the Saxon Drummer, the whole

whole birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour, of all those benefactors of their country, who at present adorn the House of Peers, thereby conforming himself to modern usage, and at the the same time distinguishing the victorious Rollo's prowess in subduing an adversary, who dies infinitely harder than either Turnus or Hector.

Without farther comment, we shall now proceed to favour our readers with a few extracts. The first Peer mentioned by the *Dying Drummer*, is the present *Marquis of Buckingham* : his appearance is ushered in, by an elegant panegyric on his father, Mr. *George Grenville*, of which we shall only give the concluding lines :

George! in whose subtle brain, if Fame say true,
Full-fraught with wars, the fatal stamp-act grew ;
Great financier ! stupenduous calculator !——
But, George the son is *twenty-one times* greater !

It would require a volume, not only to point out all the merits of the last line, but even to do justice to that Pindaric spirit, that

abrupt beauty, that graceful aberration from rigid grammatical contexts, which appears in the single word *but*. We had however a further intention in quoting this passage, viz. to assert our author's claim to the invention of that species of MORAL ARITHMETIC, which, by means of proper additions, subtractions, multiplications, and divisions, ascertains the relative merits of two characters more correctly than any other mode of investigation hitherto invented. Lord Thurlow, when he informed the House of Peers, that "*one Hastings is worth twenty Macartneys,*" had certainly the merit of ascertaining the comparative value of the two men in *whole numbers*, and *without a fraction*. He likewise enabled his auditors, by means of *the rule of three*, to find out the numerical excellence of any other individual; but to compare Lord Thurlow with our author, would be to compare the scholar with the inventor; to compare a common house-steward with *Euclid* or *Archimedes*. We now return to the poem.

After the lines already quoted, our dying
drummer

drummer breaks out into the following wonderful apostrophe :—

Approach ! ye fophs, who in your northern den,
 Wiend, with both hands, your huge *didactic* pen ;
 Who, step by step, o'er *Pindus'* up-hill road,
 Drag slowly on your learning's pond'rous load ;
 Though many a shock your perilous march encumbers,
 Ere the stiff prose can struggle into numbers ;
 And you, at *comets' tails*, who fondly stare,
 And find a mistress in the *lesser bear* ;
 And you, who, full with metaphysics fraught,
 Detect sensation starting into thought,
 And trace each sketch by Memory's hand design'd
 On that strange magic lanthorn, call'd the MIND ;
 And you, who watch each loit'ring empire's fate,
 Who heap up fact on fact, and date on date ;
 Who count the threads that fill the mystic loom,
 Where patient Vengeance wove the fate of Rome ;
 Who tell that wealth unnerv'd her soldier's hand,
 That folly urg'd the fate by traitors plann'd ;
 Or, that she fell—because she could not stand :
 Approach, and view, in this capacious mind
 Your scatter'd science, in one mass combin'd :
 Whate'er tradition tells, or poets sing,
 Of giant-killing John, or John the King ;
 Whate'er—

But we are apprehensive that our zeal
 has already hurried us too far, and that we
 have exceeded the just bounds of this paper.

We shall therefore take some future opportunity of reverting to the character of this prodigious nobleman, who possesses, and deserves to possess, so distinguished a share in his master's confidence. Suffice it to say, that our author does full justice to every part of his character. He considers him as a walking warehouse of facts of all kinds, whether relating to history, astronomy, metaphysics, heraldry, fortifications, naval tactics, or midwifery ; at the same time representing him as a kind of haberdasher of small talents, which he retails to the female part of his family, instructing them in the mystery of precedence, the whole art of scented pomatums, the doctrine of salves for broken heads, of putty for *broken windows*, &c. &c. &c.

N^o. II.

WE now return to the dying drummer, whom we left in the middle of his eulogy on the marquis of Buckingham.

It being admitted, that the powers of the human mind depend on the number and association of our ideas, it is easy to shew that the illustrious marquis is entitled to the highest rank in the scale of human intelligence. His mind possesses an unlimited power of inglutition, and his ideas adhere to each other with such tenacity, that whenever his memory is stimulated by any powerful interrogatory, it not only discharges a full answer to that individual question, but likewise such a prodigious flood of collateral knowledge, derived from copious and repeated infusions, as no common skull would be capable of containing. For these reasons, his Lordship's fitness for the department of the admiralty, a department connected

connected with the whole cyclopædia of science, and requiring the greatest variety of talents and exertions, seems to be pointed out by the hand of Heaven ;—it is likewise pointed out by the dying drummer, who describes, in the following lines, the immediate cause of his nomination :—

On the great day, when Buckingham, by pairs,
Ascended, Heaven-impell'd, the k—'s back-stairs ;
And panting, breathless, strain'd his lungs to show,
From Fox's bill what mighty ills would flow :
That soon, *its source corrupt, Opinion's thread,*
On India deleterious streams wou'd shed ;
That Hastings, Munny Begum, Scott, must fall,
And Pitt, and Jenkinson, and Leader.hall ;
Still, as with stammering tongue, he told his tale,
Unusual terrors Brunswick's heart assail ;
Wide starts his white wig from his royal ear,
And each particular hair stands stiff with fear.

We flatter ourselves that few of our readers are so void of taste, as not to feel the transcendant beauties of this description. First, we see the noble marquis mount the fatal steps “ by pairs ;” *i. e.* by two at a time ; and with a degree of effort and fatigue : and then he is out of breath, which is perfectly natural. The obscurity of the
third

third couplet, an *obscurity* which has been imitated by all the ministerial writers on the India bill, arises from a confusion of metaphor, so inexpressibly beautiful, that Mr. Hastings has thought fit to copy it almost verbatim, in his celebrated letter from Lucknow. The effects of terror on the royal wig, are happily imagined, and are infinitely more sublime than the "*stete-
runtque comæ*" of the Roman poet ; as the attachment of a wig to its wearer, is obviously more generous and disinterested than that of the person's own hair, which naturally participates in the good or ill fortune of the head on which it grows. But to proceed.—Men in a fright are usually generous ;—on that great day, therefore, the marquis obtained the promise of the admiralty. The dying drummer then proceeds to describe the marquis's well-known vision, which he prefaces by a compliment on his Lordship's extraordinary proficiency in the art of lace-making. We have all admired the parliamentary exertions of this great man, on every subject that related to an art, in which the county of Buckingham is so

C

deeply

deeply interested ; an art, by means of which Britannia, (as our author happily expresses it)

Puckers round naked breasts, a decent trimming,
Spreads the thread trade, and propogates old women !

How naturally do we feel disposed to join with the dying drummer, in the pathetic apostrophe which he addresses to his hero, when he foresees that this attention will necessarily be diverted to other objects :—

Alas ! no longer round thy favorite STOWE,
Shalt thou thy nicer art to artists show ;
No more on thumb-worn cushions deign to trace,
With critic touch, the texture of bone-lace ;
And from severer toils, some moments robbing,
Reclaim the vagrant thread, or truant bobbin !
Far, other scenes of future glory rise,
To glad thy sleeping, and thy waking eyes :
As busy fancy paints the gaudy dream,
Ideal docks, with shadowy navies teem :
Whate'er on sea, or lake, on river floats,
Ships, barges, rafts, skiffs, tubs, flat-bottom'd boats,
Smiths, sailors, carpenters, in busy crowds,
Mast, cable, yard, sail, bow-sprit, anchor, throwds,
Knives, gigs, harpoons, swords, handspikes, cutlafs-blades,
Guns, pistols, swivels, cannons, carronades :
All rise to view !—all blend in gorgeous show !
Tritons, and tridents, turpentine, tar—tow !

We

We will take upon ourselves to attest, that neither Homer nor Virgil ever produced any thing like this. How amiable, how interesting, is the condescension of the illustrious marquis, while he assists the old women in his neighbourhood in making bone-lace ! How artfully is the modest appearance of the aforefaid old womens' cushions, (which we are also told were dirty cushions) contrasted with the splendor and magnificence of the subsequent vision ! How masterly is the structure of the last verse, and how nobly does the climax rise from tritons and tridents ; from objects which are rather picturesque than necessary, to that most important article *tow* ! an article " without which," in the opinion of Lord Mulgrave, " it would be impossible to fit " out a single ship ! "

The drummer is next led to investigate the different modes of meliorating our navy ; in the course of which he introduces the marquis's private thoughts on *flax* and *forest-trees* ; the natural history of *nettles*, with proofs of their excellence in making

cables ; a project to produce *aurum fulminans* from Pinchbeck's metal, instead of gold, occasioned by Admiral Barrington's complaint of bad powder ; a discussion of Lord Ferrers's mathematical mode of ship-building ; and a lamentation on the pertinacity with which his lordship's vessels have hitherto refused to fail. The grief of the marquis on this occasion, awaking all our sympathy—

Sighing, he struck his breast, and cried, “ Alas !

“ Shall a three-decker's huge unweildy mafs,

“ 'Mid crowd of foes, stand stupidly at bay,

“ And by rude force, like Ajax, gain the day ?

“ No !—let Invention !———”

And at the moment his lordship becomes pregnant, and is delivered of a project that solves every difficulty.

The reader will recollect Commodore Johnstone's discovery, that “ The aliquot parts being equal to the whole, two frigates are indisputably tantamount to a line-of-battle-ship ; nay, that they are superior to it, as being more manageable. ” Now, a sloop being more docile than a frigate, and a cutter more versatile than a sloop, &c. &c.

is

is it not obvious that the *force* of any vessel, must be in an inverse ratio to its *strength*? Hence, Lord Buckingham most properly observes,

Our light-arm'd fleet will spread a general panic,
For speed is power, says Pinchbeck, the mechanic.

The only objection to this system, is the trite professional idea, that ships having been for some years past in the habit of sailing directly forwards, must necessarily form and fight *in a straight line*; but according to Lord Buckingham's plan, the line of battle, in future, is to be like the line of beauty, *waving* and *tortuous*; so that if the French, who confessedly are the most imitative people on earth, should wish to copy our manœuvres, their larger ships will necessarily be thrown into confusion, and consequently be beaten.

But, as Sir Gregory Page Turner finely says, "infallibility is not given to human nature." Our prodigious marquis, therefore, diffident of his talents, and not yet satisfied

tisfied with his plan, rakes into that vast heap of knowledge, which he has collected from reading, and forms into one *compost*, all the naval inventions of every age and country, in order to meliorate and fertilize the colder genius of Great Britain. “ In future,” says the drummer,

All ages, and all countries, shall combine,
To form our navy’s variegated line.
Like some vast whale, or all devouring shark,
High in the midst shall rise old Noah’s ark:
Or, if that ark be lost, of equal bulk,
Our novel Noah rigs—the *Justice Hulk*.
An Argo next, the peerless Catherine sends,
The gorgeous gift of her *Mingrelian* friends :

Here we cannot repress our admiration at the drummer’s skill in geography and politics. He not only tells us, that *Mingrelia* is the ancient *Colchis*, the country visited by the Argonauts, the country which was then so famous for its fleeces, and which even now sends so many virgins to the Grand Seignior’s seraglio, but he foresees the advantages that will be derived to the navy of this kingdom, by the submission of his *Mingrelian*

grelian majesty to the empress of Russia. But to proceed,

And next, at our Canadian brethren's pray'r,
Ten stout *triremes* the good pope shall spare!

We apprehend, with all due submission to the drummer, that here is a small mistake. Our Candian brethren may indeed possess great influence with the pope, on account of their perseverance in the catholic religion; but as all the *triremes* in his holiness's possession, are unfortunately in bas relief, and marble, we have some doubt of their utility at sea.

Light arm'd *evaas*, canoes that seem to fly,
Our faithful *Oberea* shall supply :
Gallies shall Venice yield, Algiers, *xebecs*—
But thou Nanquin, gay *yachts* with towering decks,
While fierce Kamschatka——

But it is unnecessary to transcribe all the names of places mentioned by our drummer in sailing eastward towards Cape Horn, and westward to the Cape of Good Hope. We flatter ourselves that we have sufficiently proved the stupendous and almost un-

natural excellence of the new Lord Buckingham, and that we have shewn the necessity of innovation in the navy, as well as in the constitution. We therefore shall conclude this number, by expressing our hope and assurance, that the salutary amputations which are meditated by the two state surgeons, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Wyvill, will speedily be followed by equally skilful operations in our marine: and that the prophecy of the dying drummer will be fulfilled in the completion of that delightful event,—the nomination of the noble marquis to the department of the admiralty!

N^o. III.

HAVING concluded his description of the Marquis of Buckingham, our expiring prophet proceeds to the contemplation of other glories, hardly less resplendent than those of the noble Marquis himself. He goes on to the DUKE of RICHMOND.

In travelling round this wide world of virtue, for as such may the mind of the noble Duke be described, it must be obvious to every one, that the principal difficulty consists—in determining from what quarter to set out; whether to commence in the *frigid zone* of his benevolence, or in the *torrid hemisphere* of his loyalty; from the *equinox* of his œconomy, or from the *terra australis* of his patriotism. Our author feels himself reduced to the dilemma of the famous *Archimedes* in this case, though for a very different reason, and exclaims violently for the $\Delta\omicron\varsigma\ \pi\epsilon\ \varsigma\omega$ not because he has no
D ground

ground to stand upon, but because he has too much—because puzzled by the variety, he feels an incapacity to make a selection. He represents himself as being exactly in the situation of *Paris*, between the different and contending charms of the three *Heathen Goddesses*, and is equally at a loss on which to bestow his *detur pulcherimæ*.—There is indeed more beauty in this latter similitude than may at first view appear to a careless or a vulgar observer; the three goddesses in question, being in all the leading points of their description, most correctly typical of the noble Duke himself. As for example, *Minerva*, we know, was produced out of the head of *Jove*, complete and perfect at once. Thus the Duke of Richmond starts into the perfection of a full-grown *engineer*, without the ceremony of gradual organization, or the painful tediousness of progressive maturity. *Juno* was particularly famed for an unceasing spirit of active persecution against the bravest and most honourable men of antiquity.—Col. *Debbeige*, and some other individuals of modern time, might be selected, to shew that

that the noble duke is not in this respect without some pretensions to sympathy with the queen of the skies.—*Venus* too, we all know, originated from *froth*. For resemblance in this point, *vide* the noble duke's admirable theories on the subject of *parliamentary melioration*.

Having stated these circumstances of embarrassment in a few introductory lines to this part of the poem, our author goes on to observe, that not knowing, after much and anxious thought, how to adjust the important difficulty in question, he resolves at last to trust himself entirely to the guidance of his muse, who, under the influence of her usual inspiration, proceeds as follows :

Hail thou, for either talent justly known,
To spend the nation's cash—or keep thy own ;
Expert alike to save, or be profuse,
As money goes for thine, or England's use ;
In whose esteem, of equal worth are thought,
A public million, and a private groat,
Hail, and—&c,

Longinus, as the learned well know, reck-
ons the figure *Amplification*, amongst the
D 2 principal

principal sources of the sublime, as does *Quintilian* amongst the leading requisites of rhetoric. That it constitutes the very soul of eloquence, it is demonstrable from the example of that sublimest of all orators, and profoundest of all statesmen, Mr. *William Pitt*. If no expedient had been devised, by the help of which the *same* idea could be invested in a thousand different and glittering habiliments, by which *one* small spark of meaning could be inflated into a blaze of elocution, how many delectable speeches would have been lost to the senate of Great-Britain? How severe an injury would have been sustained to the literary estimation of the age? The above admirable specimen of the figure, however, adds to the other natural graces of it, the excellent recommendation of strict and literal truth. The author proceeds to describe the noble duke's uncommon popularity, and to represent, that whatever be his employment, whether the gay business of the state, or the serious occupation of amusement, his Grace is alike sure of the approbation of his countrymen.

Whether

Whether thy present vast ambition be,
 To check the rudeness of th' intruding sea ;
 Or else, immersing in a *civil* storm,
 With equal wisdom to project—reform ;
 Whether thou go'st while summer suns prevail,
 To enjoy the freshness of thy kitchen's gale,
 Where, unpolluted by luxurious heat,
 Its large expanse affords a cool retreat ;
 Or should'st thou now, no more the theme of mirth,
 Hail the great day that gave thy sov'reign birth,
 With kind anticipating zeal, prepare,
 And make the *fourth* of *June* thy anxious care ;
 O ! wherefoe'er thy hallow'd steps shall stray,
 Still, still, for thee, the grateful poor shall pray,
 Since all the bounty which thy heart denies,
 Drain'd by thy schemes, the *treasury* supplies.

The reference to the noble duke's kitchen, is a most exquisite compliment to his Grace's well-known and determined aversion to the specious, popular, and prevailing vices of *eating* and *drinking* ; and the four lines which follow, contain a no less admirable allusion to the memorable witicism of his Grace (memorable for the subject of it, as well as for the circumstance of its being the only known instance of his Grace's attempting to degrade himself into the vulgarity of a joke.)

When

When a minister was found in this country, daring and wicked enough, to propose the suspension of a turnpike bill for one whole day, simply for the reason, that he considered some little ceremony due to the natal anniversary of the *bigbest*, and beyond all comparison, the *best* individual in the country; what was the noble duke's reply to this frivolous pretence for the protraction of the national business? "What care I," said this great personage, with a noble warmth of patriotic insolence, never yet attained by any of the present timid-minded sons of faction, "What care I for the King's birth-day!—What is such nonsense to me!" &c. &c. &c. It is true, indeed, times have been a little changed since—but what of that! there is a solid truth in the observation of Horace, which its tritism does not nor cannot destroy, and which the noble duke, if he could read the original, might, with great truth, apply to himself and his sovereign:

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

A great critic affirms, that the highest excellence of writing, and particularly of

poetical writing, consists in this one power—to *surprize*. Surely this sensation was never more successfully excited, than by the line in the above passage, when considered as addressed to the duke of Richmond—

Still, still, for thee, the *grateful poor* shall pray !

Our author, however, whose correct judgment suggested to him, that even the sublimity of surprize was not to be obtained at the expence of truth, and probability, hastens to reconcile all contradictions, by informing the reader, that the *treasury* is to supply the sources of the charity, on account of which the noble duke is to be prayed for.

The poet, with his usual philanthropy, proceeds to give a piece of good advice to a person with whom he does not appear at first sight to have any natural connection. He contrives, however, even to make his seeming digression contribute to his purpose. He addresses *Colonel Debbeige* in the following good-natured, sublime, and parental apostrophe—

Learn

Learn thoughtless *Debbeige*, now no more a youth,
 The woes unnumber'd that encompass truth,
 Nor of experience, nor of knowledge vain,
 Mock the chimæras of a sea-sick brain :
 Oh, learn on happier terms with him to live,
 Who ne'er knew *twice*, the weakness to forgive !
 Then should his Grace some vast expedient find,
 To govern tempests, and controul the wind ;
 Should he, like great *Canute*, forbid the wave,
 T' approach his presence, or his foot to lave ;
 Construct some bastion, or devise some mound,
 The world's wide limits to encompass round ;
 Rear a redoubt, that to the stars should rise,
 And lift himself, like *Typhon*, to the skies ;
 Or should the mightier scheme engage his soul,
 To raise a platform on the *northern pole*,
 With fofs, with rampart, stick, and stone, and clay,
 To build a breast-work on the *milky way* ;
 Or to protect his sovereign's blest abode,
 Bid numerous batteries guard the *turnpike road* ;
 Lest foul Invasion in disguise approach,
 Or Treason lurk within the *Dover coach*.
 Oh, let the wiser duty then be thine,
 Thy skill, thy science, judgment to resign !
 With patient ear, the high-wrapt tale attend,
 Nor snarl at fancies which no skill can mend.
 So shall thy comforts with thy days increase,
 And all thy last, unlike thy first, be peace ;
 No rude *courts martial* shall thy fame decry,
 But half-pay plenty all thy wants supply.

It is difficult to determine which part of the above passage possesses the superior claim to our admiration, whether its science, its resemblance, its benevolence, or its sublimity.—Each has its turn, and each its distinguished by some of our author's happiest touches. The climax from the pole of the heavens to the pole of a coach, and from the milky-way to a turnpike road, is conceived and exprest with admirable fancy and ability. The absurd story of the wooden horse in Virgil, is indeed remotely parodied in the line,

Or Treason lurk within the Dover coach.

But with what accession of beauty, nature, and probability we leave judicious critics to determine. Indeed there is no other defence for the passage alluded to in *Virgil*, but to suppose that the past commentators upon it have been egregiously mistaken, and that this famous *equus ligneus*, of which he speaks, was neither more nor less than the *stage coach* of antiquity. What, under any other supposition, can be the meaning of the passage,

Auf hoc inclusi ligno occultantur *Achivi* &c.

Besides this, the term *machina* we know is almost constantly used by *Virgil* himself as a synonyme for this horse, as in the line

Scandit fatalis machina muros, &c.

And do we not see that those authentic records of modern literature, the newspapers, are continually and daily announcing to us—"This day sets off from the "Blue-boar-Inn precisely at half past five, "the Bath and Bristol *machine*!" meaning thereby merely the *stage coaches* to Bath and to Bristol.—Again immediately after the line last quoted, to wit (*scandit fatalis machina muros*) come these words,

Fata armis, i. e. filled with arms.

Now what can they possibly allude to in the eye of sober judgment and rational criticism, but the *guard*, or armed *watchman*, who, in those days, went in the inside, or perhaps had a place in the *boot*, and
was

was employed, as in our modern conveyances, to protect the passenger in his approximation to the metropolis. We trust the above authorities will be deemed conclusive upon the subject; and indeed, to say the truth, this idea does not occur to us now for the first time, as in some hints for a few critical lucubrations intended as farther *addenda* to the *Virgilius Restauratus* of the great Scriblerus, we find this remark precisely—"In our judgment, this horse, (meaning *Virgil's*,) may be very properly denominated—the DARDANIAN DILLY, or the POST COACH to PERGAMUS."

We know not whether it be worth adding as a matter of mere fact, that the great object of the noble duke's erections at Chatham, which have not yet cost the nation a *million*, is simply and exclusively this,—to *enfilade* the turnpike road, in case of a foreign invasion.

The poet goes on—he forms a scientific and interesting preface of the noble duke's future greatness.

With gorges, scaffolds, breaches, ditches, mines,
 With culverins, whole and demi, and gabines ;
 With trench, with counterscarp, with esplanade,
 With curtin, moat, and rhombo, and chamade ;
 With polygon, epaulement, hedge, and bank,
 With angle salient, and with angle flank :
 Oh! thou shalt prove, should all thy schemes prevail,
 An UNCLE TOBY on a larger scale.
 While dapper, daisy, prating, puffing JIM,
 May haply personate good *Corporal Trim*.

Every reader will anticipate us in the recollection, that the person here honoured with our author's distinction, by the abbreviated appellative of *Jim*, can be no other than the Hon. James Luttrell himself, surveyor general to the ordnance, the famous friend, defender, and *commis* of the Duke of Richmond. The words *dapper* and *daisy* in the last line of the above passage, approximate perhaps more nearly to the familiarity of common life, than is usual with our author ; but it is to be observed in the defence of them, that our language supplies no terms in any degree so peculiarly characteristic of the object to whom they are addressed. As for the remaining part of the line, to wit, "*prating, puffing Jim*," it will require no vindication or illustration

with

with those who have heard this honourable gentleman's speeches in parliament, and who have read the subsequent representations of them in the diurnal prints.

Our immortal author, whose province it is to give poetical construction and *local habitation* to the inspired effusions of the *dying drummer*, (exactly as *Virgil* did to the predictions of *Anchises*) proceeds to finish the portrait exhibited in the above passage by the following lines—

As like your *prototypes* as pea to pea,
Save in the weakness of—*humanity*;
Congenial quite in every other part,
The same in *head*, but differing in the *heart*.

N^o. IV.

WE resume with great pleasure our critical lucubrations on that most interesting part of this divine poem, which pourtrays the character, and transmits to immortality the name, of the *Duke of Richmond*.—Our author, who sometimes condescends to a casual imitation of ancient writers, employs more than usual pains in the elaborate delineation of this illustrious personage. Thus, in Virgil, we find whole pages devoted to the description of *Æneas*, while *Glaucus* and *Thersilochus*, like the *Luttrels*, the *Palkes*, or the *Macnamaras* of modern times, are honoured only with the transient distinction of a simple mention. He proceeds to ridicule the superstition which exists in this country, and, as he informs us, had also prevailed in one of the most famous states of antiquity, that a navy could be any source of security to a great empire, or that shipping could in any way be considered as the *natural* defence of an island.

Th Athenian sages, once of old, 'tis said,
 Urg'd by their country's love—by wisdom led,
 Besought the *Delphic* oracle to show
 What best should save them from the neighb'ring foe :
 —With holy fervor first the *priestess* burn'd,
 Then fraught with presage, this reply return'd :—
 “ *Your city, men of Athens, ne'er will fall,*
 “ *If wisely guarded by a WOODEN WALL.*”
 —Thus have our fathers indiscreetly thought,
 By ancient practice—ancient safety taught,
 That this, Great Britain, still should prove to thee,
 Thy first, thy best, thy last security ;
 That what in thee we find or great or good,
 Had ow'd its being to this WALL of WOOD.—
 Above such weakness see great *Lenox* soar,
 This fence prescriptive guards us now no more ;
 Of such gross ignorance asham'd and sick,
 Richmond protects us with a wall—of brick ;
 Contemns the prejudice of former time,
 And saves his countrymen—by *lath* and *lime*.

It is our intention to embarrass this part
 of the *Rolliad* as little as possible with any
 commentaries of our own. We cannot,
 however, resist the temptation which the oc-
 casion suggests, of pronouncing a particular
 panegyric upon the delicacy as well as dex-
 terity of our author, who, in speaking upon
 the subject of the Duke of *Richmond*, that
 is, upon a man who knows no more of the
 history,

history, writings, or languages of antiquity than the *Marquis of Landsdown* himself, or great *Rollo's* groom, has yet contrived to collect a great portion of his illustrations from the sources of ancient literature. By this admirable expedient, the immediate ignorance of the hero is enveloped and concealed in the vast erudition of the author, and the unhappy truth that his grace never proceeded farther in his *Latinity*, than through the neat and simple pages of *Corderius*, is so far thrown into the back ground as to be hardly observable, and to constitute no essential blemish to the general brilliancy of the *picture*.

The poet proceeds to speak of a tribunal which was instituted in the *æra* he is describing, for an investigation into the professional merits of the noble duke, and of which he himself was very properly the head. The author mentions the individuals who composed this inquisition, as men of *opulent, independent, disinterested* characters, three only excepted, whom he regrets as apostates to the general character of the

the

the arbitrators. He speaks, however, such is the omnipotence of truth, even of them, with a sort of reluctant tendency to panegyric. He says,

Keen without show, with modest learning, fly,
The subtle comment speaking in his eye ;
Of manners polish'd, yet of stubborn soul,
Which Hope allures not—nor which Fears control ;
See *Burgoyne* rapt in all a soldier's pride,
Damn with a shrug, and with a look deride ;
While coarse *Macbride* a busier task assumes,
And tears with graceless rage our hero's plumes ;
Blunts his rude science in the *chieftain's* face,
Nor deems, forgive him, *Pitt* ! a truth, disgrace :
And *Percy* too, of lineage justly vain,
Surveys the system with a mild disdain.

He consoles the reader, however, for the pain given him by the contemplation of such weakness and injustice, by hastening to inform him of the better and wiser dispositions of the other members of the tribunal ;

—But ah ! not so the rest—unlike to these,
They try each anxious blandishment to please ;
No skill uncivil e'er from them escapes,
Their modest wisdom courts no dang'rous scrapes ;

But pure regard comes glowing from the heart,
 To take a friend's—to take a master's part ;
 Nor let Suspicion with her sneers convey,
 That paltry Int'rest could with such bear sway.
 Can *Richmond's* brother be attach'd to gold ?
 Can *Luttrel's* friendship, like a vote, be sold
 O can such petty, such ignoble crimes,
 Stain the fair *era* of these golden times,
 When *Pitt* to all perfection points the way,
 And pure *Dundas* exemplifies his lay ;
 When *Wilkes* to loyalty makes bold pretence,
Arden to law, the *Cabinet* to sense ;
 When *Prettyman* affects for truth a zeal,
 And *Macnamaras* guard the common-weal ;
 When *lawyers* argue from the holy writ,
 And *Hill* would vie with *Sheridan* in wit ;
 When *Camden*, first of Whigs, in struggles past,
Teiz'd and *tormented*, quits the cause at last ;
 When *Thurlow* strives commercial skill to shew,
 And even *Sydney* something seems to know ;
 When honest *Jack* declines in men to trade,
 And court majorities by truth are sway'd ;
 When *Baker*, *Conway*, *Cavendish*, or *Byng*,
 No more an obloquy o'er senates fling ;
 When———

But where could a period be put to the
 enumeration of the *uncommon* appearances
 of the epoch in question ?—The applica-
 tion of the term *honest*, prefixed to the name
 of the person described in the last line of
 the

the above passage but three, sufficiently circumscribes the number of those particular *Jacks* who were at this moment in the contemplation of our author, and lets us with facility into the secret that he could mean no other than the worthy Mr. *John Robinson* himself.—The peculiar species of traffic that the poet represents Mr. Robinson to have dealt in, is supposed to allude to a famous occurrence of these times, when Mr. R. and another contractor agreed, in a ministerial emergency, to furnish government with *five hundred and fifty eight* ready, willing, obedient, well train'd men, at so much per head per man, whom they engaged to be *perfectly fit for any work the minister could put them to*. Tradition says, they failed in their contract by somewhat about *two hundred*.—We have not heard of what particular complexion the first order were of, but suppose them to have been *blacks*.

We collect from history, that the noble Duke had been exposed to much empty ridicule, on account of his having been, as they termed it, a judge in his own cause,

by being the President of that Court, whose exclusive jurisdiction it was to enquire into supposed official errors imputed to himself. The author scouts the venom of those impotent gibbers, and with great triumph exclaims,

If it be virtue but yourself to *know*,
Yourself to *judge*, is sure a virtue too.

Nothing can be more obvious—all judgment depends upon knowledge; and how can any other person be supposed to know a man so well as he does himself? We hope soon to see this evidently equitable principle of criminal jurisprudence fully established at the *Old Baily*; and we are very much inclined to think, that if every *house-breaker*, &c. was in like manner permitted to judge himself, the susceptible heart would not be altogether so often shocked with spectacles of human massacre before the gates of Newgate, as, to the great disgrace of our penal system, it now is.

Our author now proceeds to speak of a transaction which he seems to touch upon

on with reluctance. It respects a young nobleman of these times, of the name of *Rawdon*. It is very remarkable, that the last couplet of this passage is printed with a scratch through the lines, as if it had been the Author's intention to have erased them. Whether he thought the event alluded to in this distich was too disgraceful for justification—or that the justification suggested was incomplete—that the image contained in them was too familiar and peurile for the general sublimity of his great poem, or whatever he thought, we know not, but such is the fact. The passage is as follows:—after relating the circumstance, he says,

Association forms the mind's great chain,
 By plastic union many a thought we gain,
 (~~Thus Raw suggested Raw head, and the Don~~
~~Haply reminded him, of Bloody bone.~~)

To the justice of the disgrace thrown upon the above couplet, we by no means concede.—What it wants in poetical construction, it amply makes up in the deep knowledge which it contains of the more latent feelings of the human heart, and
 2 its

its philosophic detection of some of the true sources of human action. We all know how long, and how tenaciously, original prejudices stick by us. No man lives long enough to get rid of his nursery. That the noble duke therefore might not be free from the common influence of a very common sensation, no one can reasonably wonder at, and the best proof that he was not so is, that we defy any person to show us, upon what possible principle, if not upon this, the conduct of the noble duke, in the transaction alluded to, is to be explained or defended. The duke of Richmond—a gentleman by a thousand pretensions—a soldier—a legislator—a peer—in two countries a duke—in a third a prince—a man whose honour is not a mere point of speculative courtesy, but is his *oath*—impeaches the reputation of another individual of pure and unblemished character, and with the same publicity that he had applied the original imputation, this peer, prince, legislator, and soldier, *eats* every syllable he had said, and retracts every *item* of his charge. Is this to be credited without

out a resort to some principle of a very paramount nature in the heart of man indeed? Is the original depravity, in the first instance, of publicly attempting to sully the fair honour of that interesting and sacred character, a youthful soldier, or the meanness in the second, of an equally public and unprecedentedly pusillanimous retraction of the whole of the calumny, to be believed in so high a personage as the duke of *Richmond*, without a reference to a cause of a very peculiar kind, to an impulse of more than ordinary potency? Evidently not—and what is there, as we have before observed, that adheres so closely, or controuls so absolutely as the legends of our boyish days, or the superstitions of a nursery? For these reasons, therefore, we give our most decided suffrage for the full re-establishment of the couplet to the fair legitimate honours that are due to it.

The poet concludes his portrait of this illustrious person, with the following lines—

The triple honours that adorn his head,
A three-fold influence o'er his virtue shed;
As *Gallia's* prince, behold him proud and vain;
Thrifty and close as *Caledonia's* thane;
In *Richmond's* duke, we trace our own **JOHN BULL**,
Of schemes enamour'd—and of schemes—the GULL.

No. V.

THE author of the Rolliad has, in his last edition, introduced so considerable an alteration, that we should hold ourselves inexcusable, after the very favourable reception our commentaries have been honoured with, in omitting to seize the earliest opportunity of pointing it out to the public.

Finding the variety and importance of the characters he is called upon to describe, likely to demand a greater portion both of time and words than an expiring man can be reasonably supposed to afford, instead of leaving the whole description of that illustrious assembly, or which the Dying Drummer has already delineated some of the principal ornaments, to the same character, he has made an addition to the vision in which the House of Commons is represented, at the conclusion of the Sixth Book, by contriving that the lantern of Merlin should be shifted in such a manner, as to display

display at once to the eager eye of Rollo, the whole interior of the Upper House; to gain a seat in which the hero immediately expresses a laudable impatience, as well as a just indignation, on beholding persons, far less worthy than himself, among those whom the late very numerous creations prevent our calling—

—*pauci—quos æquus amavit*

Jupiter—

With still less propriety, perhaps, we should add—

—*Aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus.* VIRG. *Æn.*

The hero's displeasure is thus forcibly described:—

Zounds! quoth great *Rollo*, with indignant frown,

'Mid British nobles shall a base-born clown,

With air imperious ape a monarch's nod,

Less fit to sit there than my groom, by G—d*?

Longinus, in his chapter on interrogations, proves them to be a source of the sublime. They are, indeed, says Dr. Young, the proper stile of majesty incensed. Where

* See Mr. Rolle's speech in the parliamentary debates.

therefore, can they be with more propriety introduced, than from the mouth of our offended hero? Merlin, after sympathizing with him in the justice of these feelings, proceeds to a description of the august assembly they are viewing. The author's reverence for the religion of his country naturally disposes him first to take notice of the spiritual lords of Parliament—

Yon rev'rend prelates, robed in sleeves of lawn,
Too meek to murmur, and too proud to fawn
Who, still submissive to their Maker's nod,
Adore their Sov'reign, and respect their God;
And wait, good men! all worldly things forgot,
In humble hope of Enoch's happy lot.

We apprehend that in the fourth line, by an error in the press, the words “adore” and “respect,” must have been misplaced; but our veneration for our author will not permit us to hazard even the slightest alteration of the text. The happy ambiguity of the word “Maker,” is truly beautiful.

We are sorry, however, to observe that modern times afford some instances of exceptions to the above description, as well as
one

one very distinguished one, indeed, to that which follows of the sixteen Peers of Scotland :—

Alike in loyalty, alike in worth,
Behold the sixteen nobles of the north ;
Fast friends to monarchy, yet sprung from those
Who basely sold their monarch to his foes ;
Since which, atoning for their fathers' crime,
The sons, as basely, sell themselves to him :
With ev'ry change prepar'd to change their note,
With ev'ry government prepar'd to vote,
Save when, perhaps, on some important bill,
They know, by second sight, the royal will ;
With loyal *Denbigh* hearing birds that sing,
“ Oppose the minister to please the king. ”

These last lines allude to a well-authenticated anecdote, which deserves to be recorded as an instance of the interference of divine Providence in favour of this country, when her immediate destruction was threatened by the memorable India bill, so happily rejected by the House of Lords in the year 1783.

The Earl of *Denbigh*, a Lord of his Majesty's Bedchamber, being newly married,

and solacing himself at his country-seat in the sweets of matrimonial bliss, to his great astonishment heard, on a winter's evening, in the cold month of December, a nightingale singing in the woods. Having listened with great attention to so extraordinary a phenomenon, it appeared to his Lordship that the bird distinctly repeated the following significant words, in the same manner that the bells of London admonished the celebrated Whittington :

“ Throw out the India bill;

“ Such is your master's will.”

His Lordship immediately communicated this singular circumstance to the fair partner of his conubial joys, who, for the good of her country, patriotically, though reluctantly, consented to forego the newly tasted delights of wedlock, and permitted her beloved bridegroom to set out for London, where his lordship fortunately arrived in time to co-operate with the rest of his noble and honourable brethren, the lords of the king's bedchamber, in defeating that detestable measure; a measure calculated to
effect

effect the immediate ruin of this country, by overthrowing the happy system of government which has so long prevailed in our East-India territories.—After having described the above-mentioned classes of nobility, he proceeds to take notice of the admirable person who so worthily presides in this august assembly :——

The rugged *Thurlow*, who with sullen scowl,
In surly mood, at friend and foe will growl ;
Of proud prerogative, the stern support,
Defends the entrance of great *George's* court
'Gainst factious Whigs, lest they who stole the seal,
The sacred diadem itself should steal ;
So have I seen near village-butcher's stall,
(If things so great may be compar'd with small,)
A mastiff guarding, on a market day,
With snarling vigilance, his master's tray.

The fact of a desperate and degraded faction having actually broken into the dwelling-house of the lord high chancellor, and carried off the great seal of England, is of equal notoriety and authenticity with that of their having treacherously attempted, when in power, to transfer the crown of Great-Britain from the head of our most
gracious

gracious sovereign to that of their ambitious leader, so justly denominated the Cromwell of modern times.

While our author is dwelling on events which every Englishman must recollect with heart-felt satisfaction, he is naturally reminded of that excellent nobleman, whose character he has, in the mouth of the dying drummer, given more at large, and who bore so meritorious a share in that happy revolution which restored to the sovereign of these kingdoms the right of nominating his own servants; a right exercised by every private gentleman in the choice of his butler, cook, coachman, footman &c. but which a powerful and wicked aristocratic combination endeavoured to circumscribe in the monarch, with respect to the appointment of ministers of state. Upon this occasion he compares the noble marquis to the pious hero of the *Æneid*, and recollects the description of his conduct during the conflagration of Troy; an alarming moment, not unaptly likened to that of the duke of Portland's

Portland's administration, when his majesty, like king Priam, had the misfortune of seeing

—— *Medium in penetralibus hostem.* VIRG.

The learned reader will bear in mind the description of Æneas:——

Limen erat, cæcoque fores, &c. VIRG.

When *Troy* was burning, and th' insulting foe
Had well nigh laid her lofty bulwarks low,
The good Æneas, to avert her fate,
Sought *Priam's* palace through a *postern* gate :
Thus when the Whigs, a bold and factious band,
Had snatch'd the sceptre from their sov'reign's hand,
Up the *back-stairs* the virtuous *Grenville* sneaks,
To rid the closet of those worse than *Greeks*,
Whose impious tongues audaciously maintain,
That for their subjects, kings were born to reign.

The abominable doctrines of the republican party are here held forth in their genuine colours, to the detestation of all true lovers of our happy constitution. The magician then thinks fit to endeavour to pacify the hero's indignation, which we before took

took notice of, on seeing persons less worthy than himself preferred to the dignity of peerage, by the mention of two of those newly created, whose promotion equally reflects the highest honour upon government.

Lonsdale and *Camelford*, thrice honour'd names!
 Whose god-like bosoms glow with patriot flames;
 To serve his country, at her utmost need,
 By this, behold a ship of war decreed;
 While that, impell'd by all a convert's zeal,
 Devotes his borough to the public weal.
 But still the wise their second thoughts prefer,
 Thus both our patriots on these gifts demur;
 Ere yet she's launch'd, the vessel runs aground,
 And *Sarum* sells for twice three thousand pound.

The generous offers of those public-spirited noblemen, the one during the administration of the marquis of Landsdown, proposing to build a seventy-four gun ship for the public service; the other on Mr. Pitt's motion for a parliamentary reform, against which he had before not only voted, but written a pamphlet, declaring his readiness to make a present of his burgage tenure borough of old *Sarum* to the bank of England,

gland, are too fresh in the recollection of their grateful countrymen to need being here recorded. With respect, however, to the subsequent sale of the borough for the “twice three thousand pounds,” our author does not himself seem perfectly clear, since we afterwards meet with these lines:

Say, what gave *Camelford* his wish'd-for rank?
 Did he devote *old Sarum* to the Bank?
 Or did he not, that envied rank to gain,
 Transfer the victim to the Treas'ry's fame?

His character of the earl of *Lonsdale* is too long to be here inserted, but is perhaps one of the most finished parts of the whole poem: we cannot, however, refrain from transcribing the four following lines, on account of the peculiar happiness of their expression. The reader will not forget the declaration of this great man, that he was in possession of the land, the fire, and the water, of the town of *Whitehaven*.

E'en by the elements his pow'r confess'd,
 Of mines and boroughs *Lonsdale* stands possess'd:
 And one sad servitude alike denotes
 The slave that labours, and the slave that votes.

Our paper now reminds us that it is time to close our observations for the present, which we shall do with four lines added by our author to the former part of the sixth book, in compliment to his favourite the marquis of Graham, on his late happy marriage.

With joy *Britannia* sees her fav'rite goose
Fast bound and *pinion'd* in the nuptial noose;
Presaging fondly from so fair a mate,
A rood of goslings, cackling in debate.

Nº. VI.

OUR *dying drummer*, in consequence of his extraordinary exertions in delineating those exalted personages, the MARQUIS OF BUCKINGHAM and DUKE OF RICHMOND; exertions which we think we may venture to pronounce unparalleled by any one, drummer or other, similarly circumstanced; unfortunately found himself so debilitated that, we were very fearful, like Balaam's ass, LORD VALLETORT, or any other equally strange animal, occasionally endowed with speech, his task being executed, that his mouth would for ever after remain incapable of utterance.

But though his powers might be suspended, fortunately the

—in æternam clauduntur lumina noctem,

has, in consequence of the timely relaxation afforded to the wounded gentleman during the whole of our last number, been for the present avoided; and, like MR. PITT's question of parliamentary reform, adjourned to a more *expedient moment*.

To our drummer we might say, as well
as to our matchless premier,

Larga quidem DRANCE, semper tibi copia fandi,

which though some malevolent critics might
profligately translate.

“ There is no end to thy prosing,”

those who have read our drummer's last
dying words, or heard our minister's new
made speeches, will admit to be in both
instances equally inapplicable.

The natural powers of our author here
again burst forth with such renovated ener-
gy, that, like the swan, his music seems to
increase as his veins become drained.

Alluding to an event too recent to require
elucidation, after describing the virtues of
the most amiable personage in the kingdom,
and more particularly applauding her cha-
rity, which he says is so unbounded, that it

—— Surmounts dull Nature's ties,

Nor even to WINCHELSEA a smile denies.

He

He proceeds

And thou too, LENOX! worthy of thy name!
 Thou heir to RICHMOND, and to RICHMOND's fame!
 On equal terms, when BRUNSWICK deign'd to grace
 The spurious offspring of the STUART race;
 When thy rash arm design'd her favorite dead,
 The christian triumph'd, and the mother fled:
 No rage indignant shook her pious frame,
 No partial doating sway'd the saint-like dame;
 But, spurn'd and scorn'd where Honor's sons resort,
 Her friendship sooth'd thee, in thy monarch's court.

How much does this meek resignation, in respect to COLONEL LENOX, appear superior to the pagan rage of MEZENTIUS towards ÆNEAS, on somewhat of a similar occasion, when, instead of desiring him to dance a minuet at the Etrurian court, he savagely, and of malice prepense, hurls his spear at the foe of his son, madly exclaiming

—Jam venio moriturus et hæc tibi porto
 Dona prius.

But our author excels Virgil, as much as the amiable qualities of the great personage described, exceed those of MEZENTIUS: that august character instead of dying, did not so much as faint; and so far from hurling a spear

at

at MR. LENOX, she did not cast at him even an angry glance.

The christian triumph'd &c.

We are happy in noticing this line, and indeed the whole of the passage, on another account, as it establishes the orthodoxy of the drummer upon so firm a basis, that DR. HORSELY himself could scarcely object to his obtaining a seat in parliament.

There is something so extremely ingenious in the following lines, and they account too on such rational grounds for a partiality that has puzzled so many able heads, that we cannot forbear transcribing them.

Apostrophizing the exalted personage before alluded to, he says,

Early you read, nor did the advice deride,
Suspicion ne'er should taint a CÆSAR'S bride;
And who in spotless purity so fit
To guard an honest wife's good fame, as PITT.

The beautiful compliment here introduced to the chastity of our immaculate premier,

from the pen of such an author, must give him the most supreme satisfaction. And

O decus Italiæ virgo!!!

Long mayst thou continue to deserve it!!!

From treating of the minister's virgin innocence, our author, by a very unaccountable transition, proceeds to a family man, namely the modern MÆCENAS, the CENSOR MORUM, the ARBITER ELEGANTIARUM of Great Britain; in a word, to the most illustrious JAMES CECIL EARL OF SALISBURY, and lord chamberlain to his majesty, whom, in a kind of episode he thus addresses.

Oh! had the gods but kindly will'd it so
That thou hadst lived two hundred years ago:
Had'st thou then ruled the stage, from sportive scorn
Thy prudent care had guarded peers unborn.
No simple chamberlains had libell'd been,
No OSTRICKS fool'd in SHAKESPEARE's saucy scene.

But then wisely recollecting this not to be altogether the most friendly of wishes, in as much, that, if his lordship had been chamberlain to QUEEN ELIZABETH, he could not, in the common course of events, have been, as his honor SIR RICHARD PEPPER

ARDEN

ARDEN most sweetly sings in his PROBATION-ARY ODE,

“ The tallest, fittest man to go before the king,”

in the days of GEORGE THE THIRD ; by which we should most probably not only have been deprived of the attic entertainments of SIGNORS DELFINI and CARNEVALE, but perhaps too have lost some of our best dramatic writers ; such as GREATHEAD, HAYLEY, DR. STRATFORD, and TOMMY VAUGHAN : our author, with a sudden kind of repentance, says,

But hence fond thoughts, nor be by passion hurried !
Had he then lived, he now were dead and buried.
Not now should theatres his orders own ;
Not now in alehouse signs his face be shewn.

If we might be so presumptuous as to impute a fault to our author, we should say that he is rather too fond of what the French stile *equivoque*—This partiality of his breaks forth in a variety of places ; such as SIR JOSEPH MAWBEE being

——a knowing man in *grain*,
——MARTIN'S *sterling* sense, &c. &c.

In the present instance too, where, sup-
posing

posing the noble marquis to have lived two hundred years ago, he says,

“ Not now should theatres his *orders* own.”

He leaves us completely in the dark, whether, by the word *orders*, we are to understand his lordship's commands as *theatrical anatomist*, or the *recommendations*, which he is pleased to make to the managers of our public amusements, to admit his dependants and servants gratuitously ; and which recommendations in the vulgar tongue of the theatres are technically stiled *orders*. If we might hazard an opinion, from the known condescension of his lordship, and his attention to the accommodation of his inferiors, we should be inclined to construe it in the latter sense ; an attention indeed, which, in the case in question, is said to be so unbounded, that he might exclaim with ÆNEAS :

Nemo ex hoc numero mihi non donatus abibit.

Should any caviler here object, that for every five shillings thus generously bestowed on the dependant, a proportionate *vacuum* is made in the pocket of the manager, let him

I

recollect

recollect, that it is a first and immutable principle of civil policy, that *the convenience of the few must yield to the accommodation of the many*; and, that the noble marquis, as a peer and legislator of Great Britain, is too closely attached to our excellent constitution to swerve from so old and established a maxim.

With respect to the last line of the couplet

“ Not now in alehouse signs his face be shewn.”

we must confess that our author's imagination has here been rather too prurient.—His lordship's head does not, as far as we can learn, upon the most minute enquiry, *at present* grace any alehouse whatever—It was indeed for some little time displayed at HATFIELD in HERTS; but the words “ *Good entertainment within,*” being written under it, they were deemed by travellers so extremely unapposite, that, to avoid further expence, LORD SALISBURY's head was taken down, and “ *The old bald faced Stag,*” “ resumed its pristine station,

Yet

Yet, enraptured with his first idea, our author soon forgets his late reflection, and proceeds on the supposition of the noble lord having exercised his pruning knife upon SHAKESPEARE and JOHNSON, and the advantages which would have been derived from it, some of which he thus beautifully describes:

To plays should RICHMOND then undaunted come,
Secured from listening to PAROLLES's drum;

Nor shouldst thou, CAMELFORD, the fool reprove,
Who lost a world to gain a wanton's love.

"Give me a horse" CATHCART should ne'er annoy;
Nor thou, oh! PITT, behold the Angry Boy.

The last line but one of these,

Give me a horse, &c.

seems to allude to a circumstance that occurred in America, where his lordship being on foot, and having to march nearly five miles over a sandy plain in the heat of summer, fortunately discovered, tied to the door of a house, a horse belonging to an officer of cavalry. His lordship thinking that riding was pleasanter than walking, and probably also imagining that the owner might be

better engaged, judged it expedient to avail himself of this steed, which thus so fortunately presented itself, and accordingly borrowed it. The subsequent apology, however, which he made when the proprietor, rather out of humour at his unlooked-for pedestrian expedition, came up to reclaim his lost goods, was so extremely ample, that the most rigid asserter of the old fusty doctrines of *meum* and *tuum* cannot deny that the dismounted cavalier had full compensation for any inconvenience that he might have experienced. And we must add, that we think that every delicacy of the noble lord on this subject ought now to terminate.

We shall conclude with an extract from some complimentary verses by a noble secretary, who is himself both an AMATEUR and ARTISTE—Were any thing wanting to our author's fame, this elegant testimony in his favour must be decisive with every reader of taste.

Oh! mighty ROLLE, may long thy fame be known!

And long thy virtues in his verse be shewn!

When

When THURLOW's christian meekness, SYDNEY's sense,
 When RICHMOND's valour, HOPETOWN's eloquence,
 When HAWKESB'RY's patriotism neglected lie
 Intomb'd with CHESTERFIELD's humanity,
 When PRETTYMAN, sage guardian of PITT's youth,
 Shall lose each claim to honesty and truth,
 When each pure blush DUNDAS's cheek can boast,
 With ARDEN's law and nose alike are lost,
 When grateful ROBINSON shall be forgot,
 And not a line be read of MAJOR SCOTT,
 When PHIPPS no more shall listening crouds engage,
 And HAMMET's jests be ras'd from memory's page,
 When PITT each patriot's joy no more shall prove,
 Nor from fond beauty catch the sigh of love,
 When even thy sufferings, virtuous chief! shall fade,
 And BASSET's horfewhip but appear a shade,
 Thy sacred spirit shall effulgence shed
 And raise to kindred fame the mighty dead;
 Long ages shall admire thy matchless soul,
 And children's children list the praise of ROLLE.

N^o. VII.

IT now only remains for us to perform the last melancholy office to the dying drummer, and to do what little justice we can to the very ingenious and striking manner in which our author closes at once his prophecy and his life.

It is a trite observation, that the curious seldom hear any good of themselves; and all epic poets, who have sent their heroes to conjurors, have, with excellent morality, taught us, that they who pry into futurity, too often anticipate affliction.—**VIRGIL** plainly intimates this lesson in the caution which he puts into the mouth of **ANCHISES**, when **ÆNEAS** enquires into the future destiny of the younger **MARCELLUS**, whose premature death forms the pathetic subject of the concluding vision in the sixth book of the *ÆNEID*:

“ O nate, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum.”

“ Seek

" Seek not to know (the ghost replied with tears)

" The sorrows of thy sons in future years."

DRYDEN.

Then, instead of declining any further answer, he very unnecessarily proceeds to make his son as miserable as he can, by detailing all the circumstances best calculated to create the most tender interest.—The revelation of disagreeable events to come, is by our poet more naturally put into the mouth of an enemy.—After running over many more noble names than the records of the herald's office afford us any assistance in tracing, the second-sighted Saxon, in the midst of his dying convulsions, suddenly bursts into a violent explosion of laughter.—This, of course, excites the curiosity of ROLLO, as it probably will that of our readers ; upon which the drummer insults his conqueror with rather a long but very lively recital of all the numerous disappointments and mortifications with which he foresees that the destinies will affect the virtues of ROLLO's great descendant, the present illustrious member for Devonshire. He mentions

Mr. ROLLE's many unsuccessful attempts to obtain the honour of the peerage ; and alludes to some of the little splenetic escapes into which even his elevated magnanimity is well known to have been for a moment betrayed on those trying occasions. We now see all the drift and artifice of the poet, and why he thought the occasion worthy of making the drummer so preternaturally long winded, in displaying at full all the glories of the house of peers : it was to heighten by contrast the chagrin of ROLLO at finding the doors of this august assembly for ever barred against his posterity.

To understand the introductory lines of the following passage, it is necessary to inform our readers, if they are not already acquainted with the fact, that somewhere in the back settlements of America, there is now actually existing an illegitimate batch of little ROLLE's.

Though wide should spread thy spurious race around

In other worlds, which must not yet be found,

While

While they with savages in forests roam
 Deserted, far from their paternal home;
 A mightier savage in thy wilds, Ex-Moor,
 Their well-horn brother shall his fate deplore,
 By friends neglected, as by foes abhorr'd,
 No duke, no marquis, not a simple lord.
 Tho' thick as MARGARET's knights with each address,
 New peers, on peers, in crowds each other press,
 He only finds, of all the friends of PITT,
 His luckless head no coronet will fit.

But what our author seems more particularly to have laboured, is a passage which he has lately inserted: it relates to the cruel flight which was shewn to Mr. ROLLE during the late royal progress through the west — Who is there that remembers the awful period when the regency was in suspense, but must at the same time remember the patriotic, decent, and consistent conduct of Mr. ROLLE? How laudably, in his parliamentary speeches, did he co-operate, to the best of his power, with the popular pamphlets of the worthy Dr. WITHERS! How nobly did he display his steady loyalty to the father, while he endeavoured to shake the future right of the son to the throne of his ancestors! How brightly did he manifest his at-

K

tachment

tachment to the person of his MAJESTY, by voting to seclude him in the hour of sickness from the too distressing presence of his royal brothers and his children ; and, after all, when he could no longer resist the title of the heir apparent, with what unembarrassed grace did he agree to the address of his constituents, complimenting the prince on his accession to that high charge, *to which his SITUATION and VIRTUES so eminently ENTITLED him* : yet, even then, with how peculiar a dexterity did Mr. ROLLE mingle what some would have thought an affront, with his praises, directly informing his ROYAL HIGHNESS that he had no confidence whatever in any virtues but those of the minister. But, alas, how uncertain is the reward of all sublunary merit ! Those good judges who enquired into the literary labours of the pious and charitable Dr. WITHERS, did not exalt him to that conspicuous post, which he so justly deserved, and would so well have graced ; neither did one ray of royal favour cheer the loyalty of Mr. ROLLE during his majesty's visit to DEVONSHIRE ; though, with an unexampled liberality,

rality, the worthy member had contracted
 for the fragments of lord MOUNT EDG-
 CUMBE's desert, and the ruins of his tri-
 umphal arches ; had brought down several
 of the minister's young friends to personate
 virgins in white, sing, and strew flowers
 along the way ; and had actually dispatched
 a chaise and four to Exeter, for his old
 friend and instructor, *mynbeer* HOPPINGEN
 VAN CAPERAGEN, dancing-master and poet ;
 who had promised to prepare both the *bal-
 lets* and *ballads* for this glorious festivity.
 And for whom was Mr. ROLLE neglected ?
 For his colleague, Mr. BASTARD ; a gen-
 tleman who, in his political oscillations, has
 of late vibrated much more frequently to
 the opposition than to the treasury bench.
 This most unaccountable preference we are
 certain must be matter of deep regret to
 all our readers of sensibility ;—to the drum-
 mer it is matter of exultation.

In vain with such bold spirit shall he speak,
 That furious WITHERS shall to him seem meek ;
 In vain for party urge his country's fate ;
 To save the church, in vain distract the state ;

In loyal duty to the father shewn,
 Doubt the sons title to his future throne ;
 And from the suffering monarch's couch remove
 All care fraternal, and all filial love :
 Then when mankind in choral praise unite,
 Though blind before, see virtues beaming bright ;
 Yet feigning to confide, distrust evince,
 And while he flatters, dare insult his PRINCE.
 Vain claims!--when now, the people's sins transferred
 On their own heads, mad riot is the word ;
 When through the west in gracious progress goes
 The monarch, happy victor of his woes ;
 While Royal smiles gild every cottage wall,
Hope never comes to ROLLE, that comes to all ;
 And more with envy to disturb his breast,
 BASTARD's glad roof receives the Royal guest.

Here the drummer, exhausted with this last wonderful exertion, begins to find his pangs increase fast upon him ; and what follows, for two and thirty lines, is all interrupted with different interjections of laughter and pain, till the last line, which consists entirely of such interjections.—Our readers may probably recollect the well-known line of THOMSON :

“ OH, SOPHONISBA, SOPHONISBA, OH !”

Which,

Which, by the way, is but a poor plagiarism from SHAKESPEARE:

“ OH, DESDEMONA, DESDEMONA, OH !”

There is certainly in this line a very pretty change rung in the different ways of arranging the name and the interjection; but perhaps there may be greater merit, though of another kind, in the sudden change of passions which OTWAY has expressed in the dying interjecting of PIERRE:

“ We have deceived the senate---ha ! ha ! oh !”

These modern instances, however, fall very short of the admirable use made of interjections by the ancients, especially the GREEKS, who did not scruple to put together whole lines of them.—Thus in the PHILOCTETES of SOPHOCLES, beside a great number of hemistichs, we find a verse and a half :

“ ————— Παπαί,
 “ Παπᾶ, παπᾶ, παπᾶ, παπᾶ, παπᾶ κᾶπρι.”

The

The harsh and intractable genius of our language will not permit us to give any adequate idea of the soft, sweet, and innocent sound of the original.—It may, however, be faithfully, though coarsely, translated

“ ————— Alas !

“ Alack! alack! alack! alack! alack! alas!”

At the same time, we have our doubts whether some chastised tastes may not prefer the simplicity of ARISTOPHANES; though it must not be concealed, that there are critics who think he meant a wicked stroke of ridicule at the PHILOCTETES of SOPHOCLES, when, in his own PLUTUS, he makes his sycophant, at the smell of roast meat, exclaim—

“ Τῷ, ὦῷ, ὦῷ, ὦῷ, ὦῷ, ὦῷ!”

Which we shall render by an excellent interjection, first coined from the rich mint of MAJOR JOHN SCOTT, in his incomparable Ode—

“ Sniff sniff, sniff sniff, sniff sniff, sniff sniff, sniff sniff,
“ sniff sniff.”

But

But whatever may be the comparative merits of these passages, ancient and modern, we are confident no future critic will dispute but that they are all excelled by the following exquisite couplet of our author :

Ha ! ha !—this sooths me in severest woe ;

Ho ! ho !—ah ! ah !—oh ! oh !—ha ! ah !—ho !—oh !!!

We have now seen the drummer quietly inurn'd, and sung our requiem over his grave ; we hope, however, that

—— He, dead corse, may yet, in complete calf,
Revisit oft the glimpses of the candle,
Making night cheerful.

We had flattered ourselves with the hope of concluding the criticisms on the *ROL-
LIAD* with an ode of Mr. *ROLLE* himself, written in the original *EX-MOOR* dialect ; but we have hitherto, owing to the eagerness with which that gentleman's literary labours are sought after, unfortunately been unable to procure a copy. The learned Mr. *DAINES BARRINGTON* having, however, kindly hinted to us, that he thought he had
once

once heard Sir JOHN HAWKINS say, that he believed there was something applicable to a drum in the possession of Mr. STEVENS, the erudite anotator on SHAKESPEARE, Sir JOSEPH BANKS kindly wrote to that gentleman; who, upon searching into his manuscripts at Hamstead, found the following epitaph, which is clearly designed for our drummer. Mr. STEVENS was so good as to accompany his kind and invaluable communication with a dissertation, to prove that this FRANCIS of GLASTONBURY, from similarity of stile and orthography, must have been the author of the epitaph which declares that celebrated outlaw, ROBIN HOOD, to have been a British peer. Mr. PEGGE too informs us, that the HARLEIAN MISCELLANY will be found to confirm this idea; and at the same time suggests, whether, as that dignified character, Mr. WARREN HASTINGS, has declared himself to be descended from an Earl of HUNTINGDON, and the late Earl and his family have, through some unaccountable fantasy, as constantly declined the honour of the affinity, this apparent difference of opinion may

may not be accounted for by supposing him to be descended from *that* Earl.— But, if we are to imagine any descendants of that exalted character to be still in existence, with great deference to Mr. PEGGE's better judgment, might not Sir ALEXANDER HOOD, and his noble brother, from similarity of name, appear more likely to be descendants of this celebrated archer ; and from him also inherit that skill which the gallant admiral, on a never to be forgotten occasion, so eminently displayed, in drawing a *long bow*. We can only now lament, that we have not room for any minute enquiry into these various hypotheses, and that we are under the necessity of proceeding to the drummer's epitaph, and the conclusion of our criticisms.

- “ A stalwart Saxon here doth lie,
- “ Japeth nat, men of Normandie ;
- “ Rollo nought scott his dyand wordes
- “ Of poynt mo perrand than a swordis.
- “ And leal folke of Englelonde
- “ Shall haben hem yvir mo in honde.

" Bot syn that in his life I trowe,
 " Of shepis skynnes he hadde ynowe,
 " For yvir he drommed thereupon :
 " Now he, pardie, is dede and gone,
 " May no man chese a shepis skynne
 " To wrappe his dyand wordes inne."

Ed. Frauncis of Glastonbury.

POLITICAL ECLOGUES.

POLITICAL ECLOGUES.

R O S E;

OR,

THE COMPLAINT.

ARGUMENT.

IN this Eclogue our Author has imitated the Second of his favourite Virgil, with more than his usual Precision. The subject of Mr. ROSE's COMPLAINT is, that he is left to do the whole Business of the Treasury during the broiling Heats of Summer, while his Colleague, Mr. STEELE, enjoys the cool Breezes from the Sea, with Mr. PITT, at Brighthelmstone. In this the Scholar has improved on the Original of his great Master, as the Cause of the Distress, which he relates, is much more natural. This Eclogue, from some internal Evidence, we believe to have been written in the Summer of 1785, though there may be one or two Allusions that have been inserted at a later Period.

ROSE ; OR, THE COMPLAINT.

NONE more than ROSE, amid the courtly ring,
 Lov'd BILLY, joy of JENKY and the KING.
 But vain his hope to shine in BILLY's eyes ;
 Vain all his votes, his speeches, and his lies.
 STEELE's happier claims the boy's regard engage ; 5
 Alike their studies, nor unlike their age :
 With STEELE, companion of his vacant hours,
 Oft would he seek Brighthelmstone's sea-girt tow'rs ;
 For STEELE, relinquish Beauty's trifling talk,
 With STEELE, each morning ride, each evening walk ; 10
 Or in full tea-cups drowning cares of state,
 On gentler topics urge the mock debate ;
 On coffee now the previous question move ;
 Now rise a surplusage of cream to prove ;

IMITATIONS.

VIRGIL. ECLOGUE II.

Formosum pastor Corydon, ardebat Alexin
 Delicias domini ; nec, quid speraret, habebat.

Pass muffins in Committees of Supply, 15
 And "butter'd toast" amend by adding "dry:"
 Then gravely sage, as in St. Stephen's scenes,
 With grief more true, propose the Ways and Means;
 Or wanting these, unanimous of will,
 They negative the leave to bring a bill. 20

In one sad joy all ROSE's comfort lay;
 Pensive he sought the Treasury, day by day;
 There, in his inmost chamber lock'd alone,
 To boxes red and green he pour'd his moan
 In rhymes uncouth; for ROSE, to business bred 25
 A purser's clerk, in rhyme was little read;
 Nor, since his learning with his fortunes grew,
 Had such vain arts engag'd his sober view,
 For STOCKDALE's shelves contented to compose
 The humbler poetry of lying prose. 30

O barb'rous BILLY! (thus would he begin)
 ROSE and his lies you value not a pin;

Yet

IMITATIONS.

Tantum inter densas, umbrosa cacumina, fagos
 Assidue veniebat; ibi hæc incondita solus
 Montibus et sylvis studio jactabat inani.
 O crudelis Alexi! nihil mea carmina curas;
 Nil nostri miserere; mori me denique coges.

NOTES.

Ver. 29 and 32 allude to a pamphlet on the Irish Propositions, com-
 monly called the Treasury Pamphlet, and universally attributed to
 Mr.

Yet to compassion callous as a Turk,
 You kill me, cruel! with eternal work.
 Now after six long months of nothing done, 35
 Each to his home, our youthful statesmen run;
 The mongrel 'squires, whose votes our Treasury pays,
 Now, with their hunters, till the winter, graze;
 Now e'en the reptiles of the Blue and Buff,
 In rural leisure scrawl their factious stuff; 40
 Already pious HILL, with timely cares,
 New songs, new hymns, for harvest-home prepares:
 But with the love-lorne beauties, whom I mark
 Thin and more thin, parading in the park,
 I yet remain; and ply my busy feet 45
 From DUKE-STREET hither, hence to DOWNING-STREET;

IMITATIONS.

*Nunc etiam pecudes umbras & frigora captant;
 Nunc virides etiam occultant spineta lacertos;
 Thestylis & rapido fessis messoribus æstu
 Allia serpyllumque herbas contundit olentes.
 At mecum raucis, tua dum vestigia lustris,
 Sole sub ardenti resonant arbuta cicadis.*

NOTES.

Mr. Rose. This work of the Honourable Secretary's was eminently distinguished by a gentlemanlike contempt for the pedantry of grammar, and a poetical abhorrence of dull fact.

Ver. 42. For a long account of Sir Richard Hill's harvest-home, and of the godly hymns and ungodly ballads, sung on the occasion, see the newspapers in Autumn 1784.

In vain!—while far from this deserted scene,
 With happier STEELE you faunter on the Steine.
 And for a paltry salary, stript of fees,
 Thus shall I toil, while others live at ease? 50
 Better, another summer long, obey
 Self-weening LANSDOWNE's transitory fway:
 Tho' GRAFTON call'd him proud, I found him kind;
 With me he puzzled, and with him I din'd.
 Better with FOX in opposition share, 55
 Black tho' he be, and tho' my BILLY fair.
 Think, BILLY, think, JOHN BULL, a tasteless brute,
 By black, or fair, decides not the dispute:
 Ah! think, how politics resemble chess;
 Tho' now the white exult in short success, 60
 One erring move a sad reverse may bring,
 The black may triumph, and check-mate our king.

IMITATIONS.

Nonnè fuit melius tristes Amyrithidis iras
 Atque superba patæ fastidia? Nonnè Menalcan
 Quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus esses,
 O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori.
 Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.

NOTES.

Ver. 49. Justice to the Minister obliges us to observe, that he is by no means chargeable with the scandalous illiberality above intimated, of reducing the income of the Secretaries of the Treasury to the miserable pittance of 3000*l.* a year. This was one of the many infamous acts which so deservedly drew down the hatred of all true friends to their king and country, on those pretended patriots, the Whigs.

You:

You slight me, BILLY; and but little heed,
 What talents I possess, what merits plead;
 How in white lies abounds my fertile brain; 65
 And with what forgeries I those lies sustain.
 A thousand fictions wander in my mind;
 With me all seasons ready forgeries find.
 I know the charm by ROBINSON employ'd,
 How to the Treas'ry JACK his rats decoy'd. 70
 Not wit, but malice, PRETTYMAN reveals,
 When to my head he argues from my heels.
 My skull is not so thick; but last recess
 I finish'd a whole pamphlet for the press;
 And if by some seditious scribbler maul'd, 75
 The pen of CHALMERS to my aid I call'd,

IMITATIONS.

*Sum tibi despectus; nec qui sim quæris, Alexi:
 Quam dives pecoris nivei, quam lactis abundans.
 Mille meæ Siculis errant in montibus agnæ:
 Lac mihi non æstate novum, none frigore desit.
 Canto, quæ solitus, si quando armenta vocabat,
 Amphion Diræus in Aëtoë Aracyntho.*

NOTES.

Ver. 66. We know not of what forgeries Mr. Rose here boasts. Perhaps he may mean the paper relative to his interview with Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Reynolds, so opportunely found in an obscure drawer of Mr. Pitt's bureau. See the Parliamentary Debates of 1785.

Ver. 71. Alludes to a couplet in the LYARS, which was written before the present Eclogue.

With PRETTY would I write, tho' judg'd by you;
If all, that authors think themselves, be true.

O! to the smoky town would BILLY come;
With me draw estimates, or cast a sum; 80
Pore on the papers which these trunks contain,
Then with red tape in bundles tie again;
Chaste tho' he be, if Billy cannot sing,
Yet should he play, to captivate the KING.

Beneath two Monarchs of the Brunswick line, 85
In wealth to flourish, and in arms to shine,
Was Britain's boast; 'till GEORGE THE THIRD arose,
In arts to gain his triumphs o'er our foes.

From

IMITATIONS.

Nec sum adeò informis: nuper me in littore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis stare mare: non ego Daphnim,
Judice te, metuam, si nunquam fallat imago.
O tantum libeat mecum tibi fordida rura
Atque humiles habitare casae, & figere cervos,
Hædorumque gregem viridi compellere hibisco.
Mecum unà in Sylois imitabere Pana canendo.

Pan primus calamos cerâ conjungere plures
Instituit; —————

NOTES.

Ver. 78. The *Reply to the Treasury Pamphlet* was answered not by Mr. Rose himself, but by Mr. George Chalmers.

Ver. 88. The following digression on his Majesty's love of the fine arts, though it be somewhat long, will carry its apology with it in the truth and beauty of the panegyric. The judicious reader will observe that the style

From RAMSAY's pallet, and from WHITEHEAD's lyre,
 He fought renown, that ages may admire : 90
 And RAMSAY gone, the honours of a name
 To REYNOLDS gives, but trusts to WEST for fame ;
 For he alone, with subtler judgment blest,
 Shall teach the world how REYNOLDS yields to WEST.
 He too, by merit measuring the meed, 95
 Bids WARTON now to WHITEHEAD's bays succeed ;
 But, to reward FAUQUIER's illustrious toils,
 Reserves the richer half of WHITEHEAD's spoils.
 For well the monarch saw with prescient eye,
 That WARTON's wants kind OXFORD would supply, 100

NOTES.

is more elevated, like the subject, and for this the poet may plead both the example and precept of his favourite Virgil.

—————*Sylvæ sint consule dignæ.*

Ver. 91 and 92. Since the death of Ramsay, Sir Joshua Reynolds is nominally painter to the king, though his Majesty sits only to Mr. West.

Ver. 93. This line affords a striking instance of our poet's dexterity in the use of his classical learning. He here translates a single phrase from Horace.

Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud.

When he could not possibly apply what concludes,

Bœotum in crasso jurares ære natum.

Ver. 95. Our most gracious Sovereign's comparative estimate of Messrs. Whitehead and Warton, is here happily elucidated, from a circumstance highly honourable to his Majesty's taste; that, whereas he thought the former worthy of two places, he has given the latter only the worst of the two. Mr. Fauquier is made Secretary and Register to the order of the Bath, in room of the deceased Laureat.

Who, justly liberal to the task uncouth,
Learns from St. JAMES's bard historic truth.

Blest OXFORD! in whose bowers the Laureate sings!

O faithful to the worst, and best of Kings,
Firm to the Right Divine, of regal sway, 105

Though Heav'n and Thou long differ'd where it lay!

"Still of preferment be thy Sister Queen!"

Thy nobler zeal disdains a thought so mean;

Still in thy German Cousin's martial school,

Be each young hope of BRITAIN train'd to rule; 110

But thine are honours of distinguish'd grace,

Thou once a year shall view thy Sovereign's face,

While round him croud thy loyal sons, amaz'd,

To see him stare at tow'rs, by WYATT rais'd.

Yet fear not, OXFORD, lest a Monarch's smiles 115

Lure fickle WYATT from the unfinish'd piles;

To thee shall WYATT still be left in peace,

'Till ENGLISH ATHENS rival ancient Greece.

For him see CHAMBERS, greatly pretty, draw 120

Far other plans, than ever Grecian saw;

Where two trim dove-cotes rise on either hand,

O'er the proud roofs, whose front adorns the Strand;

NOTES.

Ver. 107. We suspect the whole of this passage in praise of his Majesty, has been retouched by Mr. Warton, as this line, or something very like it, occurs in his "Triumphs of Isis," a spirited poem, which is omitted, we know not why, in his publication of his works.

While,

While, thro' three gateways, like three key-holes spied,
A bowl inverted crowns the distant side.

But Music most great GEORGE's cares relieves, 125
Sage arbiter of minims, and of breves!

Yet not by him is living genius fed,
With taste more frugal he protects the dead;
Not all alike; for, though a Briton born,
He laughs all natal prejudice to scorn; 130

His nicer ear our barbarous masters pain,
Though PURCELL, our own Orpheus, swell the strain;
And mighty HANDEL, a gigantic name,
Owes to his country half his tuneful fame.

Nor of our souls neglectful, GEORGE provides, 135
To lead his flocks, his own Right Reverend guides;
Himself makes Bishops, and himself promotes,
Nor seeks to influence, tho' he gives their votes.

Then for a Prince so pious, so refin'd,
An air of HANDEL, or a psalm to grind, 140
Disdain not, BILLY: for his sovereign's sake
What pains did PAGET with his gamut take!
And to an Earl what rais'd the simple Peer?
What but that gamut, to his Sovereign dear?

IMITATIONS.

Pan curat oves, oviumque magistros.

Neu te pœniteat calamo trivisse labellum,

Hœc eadem ut sciret, quid non faciebat Amyntas?

O come, my BILLY. I have bought for you 145
 The barrel-organ of a strolling Jew ;
 Dying, he sold it me at second-hand :
 Sev'n stops it boasts, with barrels at command.
 How at my prize did envious UXBRIDGE fume,
 Just what he wish'd for his new music-room. 150
 Come, BILLY, come. Two wantons late I dodg'd,
 And mark'd the dangerous alley where they lodg'd.
 Fair as pearl-powder are their opening charms,
 In tender beauty fit for BILLY's arms ;
 And from the toilet blooming as they seem, 155
 Two cows would scarce supply them with cold cream.

The

IMITATIONS.

Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
 Fistula, Damætas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
 Ex dixit moriens, " te nunc habet ista secundum."
 Dixit Damætas : invidit stultus Amyntas.

Præterea, duo nec tutâ mihi valle reperti
 Capreoli, sparsis etiamnunc pellibus albo,
 Bina die siccant ovis ubera ; quos tibi servo.
 Jampridem a me illos abducere Thestylis orat,
 Et faciat ; quoniam sordent tibi munera nostra !

NOTES.

Ver. 149. Our readers, we trust, have already admired the several additions which our poet has made to the ideas of his great original. He has here given an equal proof of his judgment in a slight omission. When he converted Amyntas into Lord Uxbridge, with what striking propriety did he sink upon us the epithet of *stultus*, or *foolish* ; for surely we cannot suppose that to be conveyed above in the term of *simple* peer.

Ver. 156. In the manuscript we find two lines which were struck out ; possibly because our poet supposed they touched on a topic of praise,
 not

The house, the name to BILLY will I show,
 Long has DUNDAS the secret wish'd to know,
 And he shall know: since services like these
 Have little pow'r our virtuous youth to please. 160

Come, BILLY, come. For you each rising day
 My maids, tho' tax'd, shall twine a huge bouquet:
 That you, next winter, at the birth-night ball
 In loyal splendor may out-dazzle all;
 Dear Mrs. ROSE her needle shall employ, 165
 To broider a fine waistcoat for my boy;
 In gay design shall blend with skilful toil,
 Gold, silver, spangles, crystals, beads, and foil,
 'Till the rich work in bright confusion show
 Flow'rs of all hues—and many more than blow. 170

I too, for something to present—some book
 Which BILLY wants, and I can spare—will look:

IMITATIONS.

Huc ades, O formosæ puer. Tibi lilia plenis
 Ecce ferunt nymphae calathis: tibi candida Nais
 Pallentes violas, & summa papavera carpens
 Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi.
 Tum casia, atque aliis intexens suavibus herbis
 Mollia luteola pingit vaccinia calthâ.

Ipse ego cana legam tenerâ lanugine mala,

NOTES.

not likely to be very prevalent with Mr. PITT, notwithstanding what we
 have lately heard of his "Atlantean shoulders." They are as follows:

Yet strong beyond the promise of their years,
 Each in one night would drain two grenadiers.

EDEN's five letters, with an half-bound set
 Of pamphlet schemes to pay the public debt;
 And pasted there, too thin to bind alone, 175
 My SHELburne's speech so gracious from the throne.
 COCKER's arithmetick my gift shall swell;
 By JOHNSON how esteem'd, let BOSWELL tell.
 Take too these Treaties by DEBRETT; and here
 Take to explain them, SALMON's Gazetteer. 180
 And you, Committee labours of DUNDAS,
 And you, his late dispatches to Madras,
 Bound up with BILLY's fav'rite set I'll send;
 Together bound—for sweetly thus you blend.

ROSE, you're a blockhead! Let no factious scribe 185
 Hear such a thought, that BILLY heeds a bribe:
 Or grant th' Immaculate, not proof to self,
 Has STEELE a soul less liberal than yourself?

IMITATIONS.

*Castaneasque nuces, mea quas Amaryllis amabat:
 Addam ceræa pruna; honos erit huic quoque pomo.
 Et vos, O lauri carpam, & te, proxima myrtus
 Sic positæ, quoniam suaves miscetis odores.
 Rusticus es, Corydon! nec munera curat Alexis*

NOTES.

Ver. 181. The orders of the Board of Controul, relative to the debts of the Nabob of Arcot, certainly *appear* diametrically opposite to Mr. Dundas's Reports, and to an express clause of Mr. Pitt's bill. Our author, however, like Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas, roundly asserts the consistency of the whole.

Zounds!

—Zounds! what a blunder! worse, than when I made
 A FRENCH Arrêt, the guard of BRITISH trade. 190
 Ah! foolish boy, whom fly you?—Once a week
 The KING from Windsor deigns these scenes to seek.
 Young GALLOWAY too is here, in waiting still.
 Our coasts let RICHMOND visit, if he will;
 There let him build, and garrison his forts, 195
 If such his whim:—Be our delight in courts.
 What various tastes divide the fickle town!
 One likes the fair, and one admires the brown;
 The stately, QUEENSB'RY; HINCHINBROOK, the small;
 THURLOW loves servant-maids; DUNDAS loves all. 200

IMITATIONS.

Nec, si muneribus certes, concedat Iolas.
 Eheu! quid volui misero mihi? Floribus Austrum
 Perditus, et liquidis immisi fontibus apros.
 Quem fugis, ah! demens? habitârunt Dî quoque sylvas,
 Dardaniusque Paris. Pallas, quas condidit, arces
 Ipse colat: Nobis placeant ante omnia sylvæ.
 Torva læna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam,
 Florentem cytharum sequitur lasciva capella;
 Te Corydon, O Alexi: trahit sua quemque voluptas.

NOTES.

Ver. 189. This unfortunate slip of the Honourable Secretary's constitutional logic happened in a debate on the Irish Propositions. Among the many wild chimeras of faction on that memorable occasion, one objection was, that the produce of the French West-Indian Islands might be legally smuggled through Ireland into this country. To which Mr. Rose replied, "That we might repeal all our acts in perfect security, because the French King had lately issued an arrêt which would prevent this smuggling."

O'er MORNINGTON French prattle holds command;
 HASTINGS buys German phlegm at second-hand;
 The dancer's agile limbs win DORSET's choice;
 Whilst BRUDENELL dies enamour'd of a voice:
 'Tis PEMBROKE's dearest pleasure to elope, 205
 And BILLY, best of all things, loves—a trope;
 My BILLY I: to each his taste allow;
 Well said the dame, I ween, who kiss'd her cow.
 Lo! in the West the sun's broad orb display'd
 O'er the Queen's Palace, lengthens every shade: 210
 See the last loiterers now the Mall resign;
 E'en Poets go, that they may seem to dine:
 Yet, fasting, here I linger to complain.
 Ah! ROSE, GEORGE ROSE! what phrenzy fires your brain!
 With pointless paragraphs the POST runs wild; 215
 And FOX, a whole week long, is unrevil'd;

IMITATIONS.

Me tamen urit amor: quis enim modis adsit amori.

*Aspice! aratra jugo referunt suspenſa juvenci,
 Et ſol crescentes diſcendens duplicat umbras:
 Ah! Corydon, Corydon, quæ te dementia cepit?
 Semiputata tibi frondosa vitis in ulmo eſt,*

NOTES.

Ver. 216. We flattered ourselves that this line might have enabled us to ascertain the precise time when this eclogue was written. We were, however, disappointed, as on examining the file of Morning Posts for 1784, we could not find a single week in which Mr. Fox is absolutely without some attack or other. We suppose therefore our author here speaks with the allowed latitude of poetry.

Our

Our vouchers lie half-vamp'd, and without end

Tax-bills on tax-bills rise to mend and mend.

These, or what more we need, some new deceit

Prepare to gull the Commons, when they meet. 220

Tho' scorn'd by BILLY, you ere long may find

Some other Minister, like LANSDOWNE kind.

He ceas'd, went home, ate, drank his fill, and then

Snor'd in his chair, 'till supper came at ten. 224

IMITATIONS.

Quin tu aliquid faltem, potius quorum indiget usus,

Viminibus, mollique paras detexere junco?

Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexin.

THE LYARS.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Eclogue is principally an Imitation of the third Bucolic of Virgil, which, as is observed by Dr. Joseph Warton, the Brother of our incomparable Laureat, is of that Species called Amœbœa, where the Characters introduced contend in alternate Verse; the second always endeavouring to surpass the first Speaker in an equal Number of Lines. As this was in point of time the first of our Author's Pastoral Attempts, he has taken rather more Latitude than he afterwards allowed himself in the rest, and has interspersed one or two occasional Imitations from other Eclogues of the Roman Poet.

T H E L Y A R S.

IN Downing-street, the breakfast duly set,
 As BANKS and PRETTYMAN one morn were met,
 A strife arising who could best supply,
 In urgent cases, a convenient lie;
 His skill superior each essay'd to prove 5
 In verse alternate—which the Muses love!
 While BILLY, list'ning to their tuneful plea,
 In silence sipp'd his *Commutation* Tea,
 And heard them boast, how loudly both had ly'd;
 The Priest began, the Layman thus reply'd! 10

PRETTYMAN.

Why wilt thou, BANKS, with me dispute the prize?
 Who is not cheated when a Parson lies?
 Since pious Christians, ev'ry Sabbath-day,
 Must needs believe whate'er the Clergy say!
 In spite of all you Laity can do, 15
 One lie from us is more than ten from you!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 6. Amant alterna Camenæ.

Ver. 10. Hos Corydon, illos referebat in ordine Thyrsis.

BANKS.

O witless lout! in lies that touch the state,
We, Country Gentlemen, have far more weight ;
Fiction from us the public still must gull:
They think we're honest, as they know we're dull! 20

PRETTYMAN.

In yon Cathedral I a Prebend boast,
The maiden bounty of our gracious host!
Its yearly profits I to thee resign,
If PITT pronounce not that the palm is mine!

BANKS.

A Borough mine, a pledge far dearer sure, 25
Which in St. Stephen's gives a seat secure!
If PITT to PRETTYMAN the prize decree,
Henceforth CORFE-CASTLE shall belong to thee!

PITT.

Begin the strain—while in our easy chairs
We loll, forgetful of all public cares! 30
Begin

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 29. Dicite—quandoquidem in molli confedimus herbâ.

NOTES.

Ver. 17. Our poet here seems to deviate from his general rule, by the introduction of a phrase which appears rather adapted to the lower and less elevated strain of pastoral, than to the dialogue of persons of such distinguished rank. It is, however, to be considered, that it is far from exceeding the bounds of possibility to suppose, that, in certain instances, the
epithet

Begin the strain—nor shall I deem my time
Mis-pent, in hearing a debate in rhyme!

PRETTYMAN,

Father of lies! by whom in EDEN's shade
Mankind's first parents were to sin betray'd;
Lo! on this altar, which to thee I raise, 35
Twelve BIBLES, bound in red Morocco, blaze.

BANKS.

Blest pow'rs of falsehood, at whose shrine I bend,
Still may success your votary's lies attend!
What prouder victims can your altars boast,
Than honour stain'd, and fame for ever lost? 40

PRETTYMAN.

How smooth, persuasive, plausible, and glib,
From holy lips is dropp'd the specious fib!
Which whisper'd slyly, in its dark career
Assails with art the unsuspecting ear.

BANKS.

How clear, convincing, eloquent, and bold, 45
The bare-fac'd lie, with manly courage told!
Which, spoke in public, falls with greater force,
And heard by hundreds, is believ'd of course.

epithet of "Witlefs," and the coarse designation of "Lout," may be as applicable to a dignitary of the church, as to the most ignorant and illiterate rustic.

PRETTYMAN.

Search through each office for the basest toyl
 Rear'd in JACK ROBINSON's abandon'd school ; 50
 ROSE, beyond all the sons of dulness, dull,
 Whose legs are scarcely thicker than his scull ;
 Not ROSE, from all restraints of conscience free,
 In double-dealing is a match for me.

BANKS.

Step from St. Stephen's up to Leadenhall, 55
 Where Europe's crimes appear no crimes at all ;
 Not Major SCOTT, with bright pagodas paid,
 That wholesale dealer in the lying trade ;
 Not he, howe'er important his design,
 Can lie with impudence surpassing mine. 60

PRETTYMAN.

Sooner the asfs in fields of air shall graze,
 Or WARTON's Odes with justice claim the bays ;

IMITATIONS.

V. 61. Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cervi
 Et freta destituent nudos in littore pisces.—

NOTES.

Ver. 62. The truth of this line must be felt by all who have read the lyrical effusions of Mr. Warton's competitors, whose odes were some time since published by Sir John Hawkins, Knight. The present passage must be understood in reference to those, and not to the Laureat's general talents.

Sooner

Sooner shall mackrel on the plains disport,
 Or MULGRAVE's hearers think his speech too short ;
 Sooner shall sense escape the prattling lips 65
 Of Captain CHARLES, or COL'NEL HENRY, PHIPPS ;
 Sooner shall CAMPBELL mend his phrase uncouth,
 Than DOCTOR PRETTYMAN shall speak the truth !

BANKS.

When FOX and SHERIDAN for fools shall pass,
 And JEMMY LUTTRELL not be thought an ass ; 70
 When all their audience shall enraptur'd sit
 With MAWBEY's eloquence, and MARTIN's wit ;
 When fiery KENYON shall with temper speak,
 When modest blushes dye DUNDAS's cheek ;
 Then, only then, in PITT's behalf will I 75
 Refuse to pledge my honour to a lie.

PRETTYMAN.

While in suspense our Irish project hung,
 A well-framed fiction from this fruitful tongue
 Bade the vain terrors of the City cease,
 And lull'd the Manufacturers to peace : 80
 The tale was told with so demure an air,
 Not wary Commerce could escape the snare.

BANKS.

When Secret Influence expiring lay,
 And Whigs triumphant hail'd th' auspicious day,

I bore

I bore that faithless message to the House, 85
 By PITT contriv'd the gaping 'squires to chouse;
 That deed, I ween, demands superior thanks:
 The British Commons were the dupes of BANKS.

PRETTYMAN.

Say in what regions are those fathers found,
 For deep-dissembling policy renown'd; 90
 Whose subtle precepts for perverting truth,
 To quick perfection train'd our patron's youth,
 And taught him all the mystery of lies?
 Resolve me this, and I resign the prize.

BANKS.

Say what that mineral, brought from distant climes, 95
 Which screens delinquents, and absolves their crimes;

IMITATIONS,

Ver. 89. Dic quibus in terris, &c.

NOTES.

Ver. 85. The ingenious and sagacious gentlemen, who, at the period of the glorious revolution of 1784, held frequent meetings at the Saint Alban's Tavern, for the purpose of bringing about an union that might have prevented the dissolution of Parliament; which meetings afforded time to one of the members of the proposed union to concert means throughout every part of the kingdom, for ensuring the success of that salutary and constitutional measure which, through his friend Mr. B——ks, he had solemnly pledged himself not to adopt. How truly does this conduct mark “the statesman born!”

———— Dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirit?

Whose

Whose dazzling rays confound the space between
 A tainted strumpet and a spotless Queen ;
 Which Asia's Princes give, which Europe's take ;
 Tell this, dear Doctor, and I yield the stake. 100

PITT.

Enough, my friends—break off your tuneful sport,
 'Tis levee day, and I must dress for Court ;
 Which hath more boldly or expertly lied,
 Not mine th' important contest to decide.
 Take thou this MITRE, Doctor, which before 105
 A greater hypocrite sure never wore ;
 And if to services rewards be due,
 Dear BANKS, this CORONET belongs to you :
 Each from that Government deserves a prize,
 Which thrives by shuffling, and subsists by lies. 110

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 104. Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.

Ver. 105. Et vitulâ tu dignus & hic.

NOTES.

Ver. 98. It must be acknowledged that there is some obscurity in this passage, as well as in the following line,

“ Which Asia's princes give, which Europe's take :”

and of this certain seditious, malevolent, disaffected critics have taken advantage, and have endeavoured, by a forced construction, to discover in them an unwarrantable insinuation against the highest and most sacred characters ; from which infamous imputation, however, we trust, the well-known and acknowledged loyalty of our author's principles will sufficiently protect him.

MARGARET NICHOLSON.

ARGUMENT.

Mr. WILKES and Lord HAWKESBURY alternately congratulate each other on his Majesty's late happy escape. The one describes the joy which pervades the country: the other sings the dangers from which our constitution has been preserved. Though in the following Eclogue our author has not selected any single one of Virgil for a close and exact parody, he seems to have had his eye principally upon the Vth, or the DAPHNIS, which contains the Elegy and APOTHEOSIS of Julius Cæsar.

MARGARET NICHOLSON.

THE Session up: the INDIA-BENCH appeas'd,
 The LANSDOWNES satisfied, the LOWTHERS pleased,
 Each job dispatch'd:—the treasury boys depart,
 As various fancy prompts each youthful heart
 PITT, in chaste kisses seeking virtuous joy, 5
 Begg Lady CHATHAM's blessing on her boy;
 While MORNINGTON, as vicious as he can,
 To fair R—L—N in vain affects the man:
 With Lordly BUCKINGHAM retir'd at STOWE,
 GRENVILLE, whose plodding brains no respite know, 10
 To prove next year, how our finances thrive,
 Schemes new reports, that two and two make five.
 To plans of Eastern justice hies DUNDAS;
 And comely VILLIARS to his votive glass;
 To embryo tax-bills ROSE; to dalliance STEELE; 15
 And hungry hirelings to their hard-earn'd meal.

A faithful pair, in mutual friendship tied,
 Once keen in hate, as now in love allied,
 (This, o'er admiring mobs in triumph rode,
 Libell'd his Monarch, and blasphem'd his God; 20

That, the mean drudge of tyranny and BUTE,
 At once his practis'd pimp and prostitute)
 Adfcombe's proud roof receives, whose dark recess
 And empty vaults, its owner's mind exprefs,
 While block'd-up windows to the world display 25
 How much he loves a tax, how much invites the day.

Here the dire chance that god-like GEORGE befel,
 How fick in fpirit, yet in health how well ;
 What Mayors by dozens, at the tale affrighted,
 Got drunk, address'd, got laugh'd at, and got knighted ; 30
 They read, with mingled horror and furprife,
 In London's pure Gazette, that never lies.
 Ye Tory bands, who taught by confcious fears,
 Have wifely check'd your tongues, and fav'd your ears,—
 Hear, ere hard fate forbids—what heav'nly ftrains 35
 Flow'd from the lips of thefe melodious fwains :
 Alternate was the fong ; but firft began,
 With hands uplifted, the regenerate man.

WILKES.

Bless'd be the beef-fed guard, whose vigorous twift
 Wrench'd the rais'd weapon from the murderer's fift, 40
 Him, Lords in waiting fhall with awe behold
 In red tremendous, and hirsute in gold.

On him, great monarch, let thy bounty fhine,
 What meed can match a life fo dear as thine ?

Well

Well was that bounty measured, all must own, 45
That gave him *half* of what he saved—a crown.

Bless'd the dull edge, for treason's views unfit,
Harmless as SYDNEY's rage, or BEARCROFT's wit.
Blush, clumsy patriots, for degenerate zeal,
WILKES had not guided thus the faithless steel! 50

Round your sad mistress flock, ye maids elect,
Whose charms severe your chastity protect;
Scar'd by whose glance, despairing love descries,
That virtue steals no triumph from your eyes.

Round your bold master flock, ye mitred hive, 55
With anathems on Whigs his soul revive!
Saints! whom the sight of human blood appals,
Save when to please the Royal will it falls.

He breathes! he lives! the vestal choir advance,
Each takes a Bishop, and leads up the dance, 60
Nor dreads to break her long-respected vow,
For chaste—ah strange to tell!—are bishops now:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 59. Ergo alacris fylvas & cetera rura voluptas,
Panaque pastoresque tenet, Dryadasque puellas.

Ver. 61. Nec lupus insidias pecori, &c.

NOTES.

Ver. 46. *half*———*a crown*! Literally so.

Saturnian times return!—the age of truth,
 And—long foretold—is come, the Virgin Youth.
 Now sage professors, for their learning's curse, 65
 Die of their duty in remorseless verse:
 Now sentimental Aldermen expire
 In prose, half flaming with the Muse's fire;
 Their's—while rich dainties swim on every plate,
 Their's the glad toil to feast for Britain's fate; 70
 Nor mean the gift the Royal grace affords,
 All shall be knights—but those that shall be lords.
 Fountain of Honour, that art never dry,
 Touch'd with whose drops of grace no thief can die,
 Still with new titles soak the delug'd land, 75
 Still may we all be safe from KETCH's menac'd hand!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 63. Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.

NOTES.

Ver. 63, 64. It is remarkable that these are the only lines which our Poet has imitated from the IVth Eclogue (or the Pollio) of Virgil. Perhaps the direct and obvious application of that whole Eclogue appeared to our author to be an undertaking too easy for the exercise of his superior talents; or perhaps he felt himself too well anticipated by a similar imitation of Pope's Messiah, which was inserted some time since in one of the public papers. If the author will favour us with a corrected copy, adapted rather to the Pollio than the Messiah, we shall be happy to give it a place in our subsequent editions, of which we doubt not the good taste of the town will demand as many as of the rest of our celebrated bard's immortal compositions.

JENKINSON.

JENKINSON.

Oh wond'rous man, with a more wond'rous Muse !
 O'er my lank limbs thy strains a sleep diffuse,
 Sweet as when PITT with words disdaining end,
 Toils to explain, yet scorns to comprehend. 80
 Ah! whither had we fled, had that foul day
 Torn him untimely from our arms away?
 What ills had mark'd the age, had that dire thrust
 Pierc'd his soft heart, and bow'd his bob to dust?
 Gods! to my labouring fight what phantoms rise! 85
 Here Juries triumph, and there droops Excise!
 Fierce from defeat, and with collected might,
 The low-born Commons claim the people's right:
 And mad for freedom, vainly deem'd their own,
 Their eye presumptuous dares to scan the throne. 90
 See—in the general wreck that smothers all,
 Just ripe for justice—see my HASTINGS fall.
 Lo, the dear Major meets a rude repulse,
 Though blazing in each hand he bears a BULSE;
 Nor Ministers attend, nor Kings relent, 95
 Though rich Nabobs so splendidly repent.
 See EDEN's faith expos'd to sale again,
 Who takes his plate, and learns his French in vain.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 78. Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine Poeta,
 Quale sopor sessis in gramine.

See countless eggs for us obscure the sky,
 Each blanket trembles, and each pump is dry. 100
 Far from good things DUNDAS is sent to roam,
 Ah!—worse than banish'd,—doom'd to live at home.
 Hence dire illusions! dismal scenes away—
 Again he cries, “What, what!” and all is gay.

Come, BRUNSWICK, come, great King of loaves and fishes,
 Be bounteous still to grant us all our wishes! 106
 Twice every year with BEAUFOY as we dine,
 Pour'd to the brim—eternal George—be thine
 Two foaming cups of his nectareous juice,
 Which—new to gods,—no mortal vines produce. 110
 To us shall BRUDENELL sing his choicest airs,
 And cap'ring MULGRAVE ape the grace of bears;
 A grand thanksgiving pious YORK compose,
 In all the proud parade of pulpit prose;
 For sure Omniscience will delight to hear,
 Thou 'scapest a danger, that was never near. 115
 While ductile PITT thy whisper'd wish obeys,
 While dupes believe whate'er the Doctor says,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 106. *Sis bonus; O! felixque tuis—*

Ver. 107. *Pocula bina novo spumantia lacte quot—annis
 Craterasque duo statuam tibi.*

Ver. 109. *Vina novum fundum calatbis Arvisia nectar.*

Ver. 114. *Cantabunt mihi Dametas et Licinus Ægon,
 Saltantes Satyros imitabitur Alphæsiæus.*

While panting to be tax'd, the famish'd poor
 Grow to their chains, and only beg for more ; 120
 While fortunate in ill, thy servants find
 No snares too flight to catch the vulgar mind :
 Fix'd as the doom, thy power shall still remain,
 And thou, wise King, as uncontroul'd shalt reign.

WILKES.

Thanks, *Jenky*, thanks, for ever could'st thou sing, 125
 For ever could I sit, and hear thee praise the King.
 Then take this book, which with a Patriot's pride,
 Once to his sacred warrant I deny'd,
 Fond though he was of reading all I wrote :
 No gift can better suit thy tuneful throat . 130

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 121. Dum juga montis aper, &c.

Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

Ver. 130. At tu fume pedum, quod cum me sæpe rogaret

Non tulit Antigènes, et erat tum dignus amari.

NOTES.

Ver. 119. The public alarm expressed upon the event which is the subject of this Pastoral, was certainly a very proper token of affection to a Monarch, every action of whose reign denotes him to be the father of his people. Whether it has sufficiently subsided to admit of a calm enquiry into facts, is a matter of some doubt, as the addresses were not finished in some late Gazettes. If ever that time should arrive, the world will be very well pleased to hear that the miserable woman whom the Privy Council have judiciously confined in Bedlam for her life, never even aimed a blow at his August Person.

Ver. 127. *This Book*, &c. Essay on Woman.

JENKINSON.

And thou this Scottish pipe, which JAMIE's breath,
 Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death,
 From lips unhallow'd I've preserv'd it long:
 Take the just tribute of thy loyal song. 134

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 134. Est mihi—

Fistula, Dametas dono mihi quam dedit olim,

Et dixit moriens, "Te nunc habet ista secundum." Eccl. II.

NOTES.

Ver. 130. *No gift can better suit thy——throat.* The ungrateful people of England, we have too much reason to fear, may be of a different opinion.

ARGUMENT.

CHARLES JENKINSON.

ARGUMENT.

THE following is a very close Translation of VIRGIL's SILENUS; so close indeed that many readers may be surprised at such a deviation from our author's usual mode of imitating the ancients. But we are to consider that VIRGIL is revered by his Countrymen, not only as a Poet, but likewise as a prophet and magician; and our incomparable Translator, who was not ignorant of this circumstance, was convinced, that VIRGIL in his SILENUS had really and bonâ fide meant to allude to the Wonders of the present Reign, and consequently that it became his Duty to adhere most strictly to his Original, and to convey the true Meaning of this hitherto inexplicable Eclogue.

CHARLES JENKINSON.

MINE was the Muse, that from a Norman scroll
 First rais'd to fame the barbarous worth of ROLLE,
 And dar'd on DEVON's hero to dispense
 The gifts of Language, Poetry, and Sense.
 In proud Pindarics next my skill I try'd,
 But SALISB'RY wav'd his wand and check'd my pride:
 " Write English, friend, (he cry'd) be plain, and flatter,
 " Nor thus confound your compliment and satire.
 " Even I, a critic by the King's command,
 " Find these here Odes damn'd hard to understand." 10
 Now then, O deathless theme of WARTON's Muse,
 Oh great in War! Oh glorious at Reviews!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 1. Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,
 Nostra, nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.
 Cum canerem reges & prælia, Cynthus aurem
 Vellit, & admonuit, &c. &c.

Ver. 11. Nunc ego, (namque super tibi erunt qui dicere laudes
 Vare, tuus cupiant, & tristia condere bella)
 Sylvestrem tenui meditabor arundine musam.

While many a rival, anxious for the bays,
Pursues thy virtues with relentless praise ;
While at thy levee smiling crouds appear, 15
Blest that thy birth-day happens once a year :
Like good SIR CECIL, I to woods retire,
And write plain eclogues o'er my parlour fire.
Yet still for thee my loyal verse shall flow,
Still, shou'd it please, to thee its charms shall owe ; 20
And well I ween, to each succeeding age,
Thy name shall guard and consecrate my page.
Begin my Muse!—As WILBERFORCE and BANKS,
Late in the Lobby play'd their usual pranks,
Within a water-closet's niche immur'd 25
(Oh that the treacherous door was unsecur'd!)
His wig awry, his papers on the ground,
Drunk, and asleep, CHARLES JENKINSON they found.
Transported at the sight, (for oft of late
At PITT's assembled on affairs of state, 30
They both had press'd him, but could ne'er prevail,
To sing a merry song or tell a tale)

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 18. ——— Si quis tamen hæc quoque, siquis
Captus amore leget, te nostræ, Vare, myricæ
Te nemus omne canet, &c.

Ver. 23. ——— Chromis & Mnasyllus in autro
Silenum pueri somno videre jacentem.

Ver. 29. Aggressi, nam sæpe senex spe carminis ambo
Luserat, injiciunt ex ipsis vincula fertis.

In rush th' advent'rous youths :—they seize, they bind,
 Make fast his legs, and tie his hands behind,
 Then scream for help; and instant to their aid 35
 POMONA flies, POMONA, lovely maid;
 Or maid, or goddess, sent us from above,
 To bless young Senators with fruit and love.
 Then thus the sage—" Why these unseemly bands?
 " Untie my legs, dear boys, and loose my hands; 40
 " The promis'd tale be yours: a tale to you;
 " To fair POMONA different gifts are due."
 Now all things haste to hear the master talk:
 Here Fawns and Satyrs from the Bird-cage-walk,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 35. *Addit se sociam timidisque supervenit Ægie,
 Ægle Naiadum pulcherrima.*

Ver. 39. ——— *Quid vincula nectitis? inquit,
 Solvite me pueri——
 Carmina quæ vultis cognoscite, carmina vobis;
 Huic aliud mercedis erit.*

Ver. 43. *Tum vero in numerum faunosque ferasque videres,
 Ludere, tum rigidas motare cacumina quercus.*

NOTES.

Ver. 42. *To fair Pomona, &c.]* We are sorry to inform our readers, that the promise which Mr. Jenkinson here intimates in favour of the lady was, we fear, but the promise of a courtier. Truth obliges us to declare, that having taken some pains to enquire into the facts, we were assured by the lady herself, that she never received any other gift, present, or compliment whatever from Mr. Jenkinson.

Here Centaur KENYON, and the Sylvan sage, 45
 Whom Bowood guards to rule a purer age,
 Here T——w, B——r, H——n appear,
 With many a minor savage in their rear,
 Panting for treasons, riots, gibbets, blocks,
 To strangle NORTH, to scalp and eat CHARLES FOX. 50
 There H——'s sober band in silence wait,
 Inur'd to sleep, and patient of debate;
 Firm in their ranks, each rooted to his chair
 They sit, and wave their wooden heads in air.
 Less mute the rocks while tuneful Phoebus sung, 55
 Less sage the critic brutes round Orpheus hung;
 For true and pleasant were the tales he told,
 His theme great GEORGE's age, the age of gold.
 Ere GEORGE appear'd a Briton born and bred,
 One general Chaos all the land o'erspread: 60
 There lurking seeds of adverse factions lay,
 Which warm'd and nurtur'd by his dawning ray,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 55. Nec tantum Phoebo gaudet Parnassia rupes,
 Nec tantum Rhodope miratur et Ismarus Orphea.

Ver. 57. Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta,
 Semina terrarumque animæque marisque fuissent,
 Et liquidi simul ignis: Ut his exordia primis
 Omnia, & ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.

Ver. 62. Incipiant sylvæ cum primum surgere——
 Jamque novum ut terræ stupeant lucescere solem.

Sprang into life. Then first began to thrive
 The tender shoots of young Prerogative ;
 Then spread luxuriant, when unclouded shone 65
 The full meridian splendour of the throne.
 Yet was the Court a solitary waste ;
 Twelve lords alone the Royal chamber grac'd !
 When BUTE, the good DEUCALION of the reign
 To gracious BRUNSWICK pray'd, nor pray'd in vain. 70
 For straight (oh goodness of the royal mind !)
 Eight blocks, to dust and rubbish long confin'd,
 Now wak'd by mandate from their trance of years,
 Grew living creatures, just like other Peers.
 Nor here his kindness ends—From wild debate 75
 And factious rage he guards his infant state.
 Resolv'd alone his empire's toils to bear,
 " Be all men dull !" he cry'd, and dull they were.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 68. ————— Cumque
 Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.

Ver. 69. Hinc lapides Pyrrhæ jactos —————

Ver. 78. ————— Saturnia regna.

NOTES.

Ver. 68. Our Poet, for so careful a student of the Court Calendar, as he must certainly be, is a little inaccurate here. The Lords of the Bed-chamber were in truth thirteen, and seven only were added. The numbers in the text were probably preserved as more euphonious.

Then sense was treason;—then with bloody claw
Exulting soar'd the vultures of the law : 80

Then ruffians robb'd by ministerial writ,
And GRENVILLE plunder'd reams of useless wit,
'While mobs got drunk 'till learning should revive,
And loudly bawl'd for WILKES and Forty-five.

Next to WILL PITT he past, so sage, so young, 85
So cas'd with wisdom, and so arm'd with tongue;
His breast with every royal virtue full,
Yet strange to tell, the minion of JOHN BULL.
Prepost'rous passion! say, what fiend possést,
Misguided youth, what phrenzy fir'd thy breast? 90

'Tis true, in Senates, many a hopeful lad
Has rav'd in metaphor, and run stark mad;
His friend, the heir-apparent of MONTROSE,
Feels for his beak, and starts to find a nose;
Yet at these times preserve the little share 95
Of sense and thought intrusted to their care;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 81. *Caucaseasque refert volucres.*

Ver. 82. ——— *Furtumque Promethei.*

Ver. 84: ——— *Hylan nautæ quo fonte relictum,
Clamassent ut littus Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.*

Ver. 88. *Pasiphaen nivei solatur amore juveni.*

Ver. 89. *Ah virgo infelix quæ te dementia cepit?*

Ver. 93. *Prædides implerunt falsis mugitibus agros,*

Ver. 96. *Et sæpe in lævi quæssissent cornua fronte,
At non, &c.*

While

While thou with ceaseless folly, endless labour,
 Now coaxing JOHN, now flirting with his neighbour.
 Hast seen thy lover from his bonds set free,
 Damning the shop-tax, and himself, and thee. 100

Now good MACPHERSON, whose prolific muse
 Begets false tongues, false heroes, and false news,
 Now frame new lies, now scrutinize thy brain,
 And bring th' inconstant to these arms again!

Next of the Yankeys' fraud the master told, 105
 And GRENVILLE's fondness for Hesperian gold;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 99. Ille latus niveum, &c.

Ver. 101. ——— Claudite nymphæ
 Dictæ nymphæ, nemorum jam claudite saltus,
 Si quâ forte ferant oculis sese obvia nostris,
 Errabunda bovis vestigia.

Ver. 106. Tum canit Hesperidum miratam mala puellam.

NOTES.

Ver. 101. *Good Macpherson, &c.*] This ingenious gentleman, who first signalized himself by a bombast translation of poems which never existed, is now said occasionally to indulge his native genius for fiction in paragraphs of poetical prose for some of our daily papers.

Ver. 106. *Hesperian gold.*] The American revenue, which the late Mr. Grenville was to have raised by his celebrated Stamp Act. Mr. Jenkinson, who was himself the author of that act, here delicately touches on the true origin of the American war; a measure in which, however unsuccessful, we doubt not, he will ever be ready to glory.

And GRENVILLE's friends conspicuous from afar,
In mossy down incas'd, and bitter tar.

SIR CECIL next adorn'd the pompous song,
Led by his CÆLIA throug' th' admiring throng, 110
All CÆLIA's sisters hail'd the prince of bards,
Reforming sailors bow'd, and patriot guards :
While thus SIR JOSEPH (his stupendous head
Crown'd with green-groc'ry, and with flow'rs o'erspread)
From the high hustings spoke---“ This pipe be thine, 115
“ This pipe, the fav'rite present of the Nine,
“ On which WILL WHITEHEAD play'd those powerful
“ airs,
“ Which to ST. JAMES's drew reluctant May'rs,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 108. Tum Phactontiadas musco circumdat amaræ
Corticis, atque solo proceras erigit.

Ver. 109. Tum canit errantem—Gallum,
Aonas in montes ut duxerit una fororum,
Utque viro Phœbi chorus affurrexerit omnis ;
Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor
Floribus, atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit; hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, musæ,
Ascraeo quos ante seni, quibus ille solebat
Cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos, &c. &c. &c.

NOTES.

Ver. 110. SIR CECIL's poems to Cælia are well known ; and we are persuaded will live to preserve the fame of his talents, when his admirable letter to the Scottish reformers, and his pamphlet on the Westminster Election, shall be forgotten.

" And forc'd stiff-jointed Aldermen to bend;
 " Sing thou on this thy SAL'SBURY, sing thy friend; 120
 " Long may he live in thy protecting strains,
 " And HATFIELD vie with TEMPE's fabled plains?"
 Why should I tell th' election's horrid tale,
 That scene of libels, riots, blood, and ale?
 There of SAM HOUSE the horrid form appeared; 125
 Round his white apron howling monsters reared
 Their angry clubs; mid broken heads they polled,
 And HOOD's best sailors in the kennel rolled!
 Ah! why MAHON's disastrous fate record?
 Alas! how fear can change the fiercest lord! 130
 See the sad sequel of the grocers' treat—
 Behold him darting up St. James's-street,
 Pelted, and scared, by BROOKE's hellish sprites,
 And vainly fluttering round the door of WHITE's!
 All this, and more he told, and every word 135
 With silent awe th' attentive striplings heard,
 When, bursting on their ears, stern PEARSON's note
 Proclaim'd the question put, and called them forth to vote.

IMITATIONS.

- Ver. 127. Quid loquar—Scyllum quam fama secuta est
 Candida inccinctam latrantibus inguina monstribus
 —————gurgite in alto
 Ah timidos nautas canibus lacerasse marinis.
 Ver. 132. Aut ut mutatos Terei norraverit artus:
 Quas illi Philomela dapes, quæ dona paravit,
 Quo cursû deserta petiverit, & quibus ante
 Infelix sua tecta supervolatæ erit alis.

J E K Y L L.

J E K Y L L

J E K Y L L.

miserabile Carmen

Integrat, & mæstis latè loca questibus implet.—VIRGIL.

J EKYLL, the wag of law, the scribbler's pride,
 Calne to the senate sent—when TOWNSHEND died.
 So LANSDOWNE will'd :—the old hoarse rook at rest,
 A jackdaw-phoenix chatters from his nest.
 Statesman, and lawyer now, with clashing cares, 5
 Th' important youth roams thro' the Temple squares ;
 Yet stays his step, where, with congenial play,
 The well-known fountain babbles day by day :
 The little fountain !—whose restricted course,
 In low, faint essays owns its shallow source. 10
 There, to the tinkling jet he tun'd his tongue, [sung.
 While LANSDOWNE's fame, and LANSDOWNE's fall, he
 “ Where were our friends, when the remorseless crew
 “ Offelon Whigs—great LANSDOWNE's pow'r o'erthrew ?
 “ For neither then, within St. Stephen's wall 15
 “ Obedient WESTCOTE hail'd the Treasury-call ;
 “ Nor treachery then had branded EDEN's fame,
 “ Or taught mankind the miscreant MINCHIN's name.

S

“ Joyful

- " Joyful no more (tho' TOMMY spoke so long) [tongue.
 " Was high-born HOWARD's cry, or POWNEY's prattling
 " Vain was thy roar, MAHON!—tho' loud and deep; 21
 " Not our own GILBERT could be rous'd from sleep.
 " No bargain yet the tribe of PHIPPS had made: [aid;
 " LANSDOWNE! you fought in vain ev'n MULGRAVE's
 " MULGRAVE—at whose harsh scream, in wild surprise, 25
 " The *speechless* Speaker lifts his drowsy eyes.
 " Ah! hapless day! still, as thy hours return,
 " Let Jesuits, Jews, and sad Dissenters mourn!
 " Each quack and sympathizing juggler groan,
 " While bankrupt brokers echo moan for moan. 30
 " Oh! much-lov'd peer!—my patron!—model!—friend!
 " How does thy alter'd state my bosom rend.
 " Alas! the ways of courts are strange and dark!
 " PITT scarce would make thee now—a Treasury-clerk!"
 Stung with the maddening thought, his griefs, his fears
 Dissolve the plaintive councillor in tears. 36
 " How oft," he cries, " has wretched LANSDOWNE said;
 " *Curs'd be the toilsome hours by statesmen led!*
 " *Oh! had kind heaven ordain'd my humbler fate*
 " *A country gentleman's—of small estate—* 40
 " *With Price and Priestley, in some distant grove,*
 " *Blest I had led the lowly life I love.*
 " *Thou, Price! had deign'd to calculate my flocks!*
 " *Thou, Priestley! sav'd them from the lightning shocks!*
 " *Unknown*

- “ *Unknown the storms and tempests of the state—* 45
 “ *Unfelt the mean ambition to be great ;—*
 “ *In Bowood’s shade had passed my peaceful days,*
 “ *Far from the town and its delusive ways ;*
 “ *The crystal brook my bev’rage---and my food*
 “ *Hips, cornels, haws, and berries of the wood.”* 50
 “ Blest peer ! eternal wreaths adorn thy brow !
 “ Thou CINCINNATUS of the British plough !
 “ But rouse again thy talents and thy zeal !
 “ Thy Sovereign, sure, must wish thee *Privy-seal*.
 “ Or, what if from the seals thou art debarr’d ? 55
 “ CHANDOS, at least, he might for *thee* discard.
 “ Come, LANSDOWNE ! come---thy life, no more thy own,
 “ Oh ! brave again the smoke and noise of town :
 “ For Britain’s sake, the weight of greatness bear,
 “ And suffer honors thou art doom’d to wear.” 60
 To *thee* her Princes, lo ! where India sends !
 All BENFIELD’s here—and there all HASTINGS’ friends ;
 MACPHERSON—WRAXALL—SULLIVAN—behold !
 CALL,—BARWELL—MIDDLETON—with heaps of gold !
 Rajahs—Nabobs—from Oude—Tanjore—Arcot— 65
 And see !—(nor, oh ! disdain him !) MAJOR SCOTT.
 Ah ! give the Major but one gracious nod :
 Ev’n PITT himself once deign’d to court the squad.
 “ Oh ! be it *theirs*, with more than patriot heat,
 “ To snatch thy virtues from their lov’d retreat ; 70

“ Drag thee reluctant to the haunts of men,
 “ And make thee minister—Oh! God!—but when!”
 Thus mourn’d the youth—’till, sunk in pensive grief,
 He woo’d his handkerchief for soft relief.

In either pocket either hand he threw ; 75

When, lo!—from each, a precious tablet flew.

This,—his sage patron’s wond’rous speech on trade :

This,—his own book of sarcasms ready made.

Tremendous book !—thou motley magazine

Of stale severities, and pilfer’d spleen ! 80

O! rich in ill !---within thy leaves entwin’d,

What glittering adders lurk to sting the mind.

Satire’s *Museum* !---with SIR ASHTON’s lore,

The naturalist of malice eyes thy store :

Ranging, with fell Virtû, his poisonous tribes 85

Of embryo sneers, and anamalcule gibes.

Here insect puns their feeble wings expand

To speed, in little flights, their lord’s command :

There, in their paper chrysalis, he sees

Specks of bon mots, and eggs of repartees. 90

In modern spirits ancient wit he steep ;

If not its gloss, the reptile’s venom keeps :

Thy quaintness, DUNNING ! but without thy sense ;

And just enough of B——t, for offence.

On these lov’d leaves a transient glance he threw : 95

But weightier themes his anxious thoughts pursue.

Deep

Deep senatorial pomp intent to reach,
 With ardent eyes he hangs o'er LANSDOWNE's speech.

Then, loud the youth proclaims the enchanting words

That charm'd the "noble natures" of the lords. 100

"Lost and obscur'd in Bowood's humble bow'r,

"No party tool---no candidate for pow'r---

"I come, my lords! an hermit from my cell,

"A few blunt truths in my plain style to tell.

"Highly I praise your late commercial plan; 105

"Kingdoms should all unite---like man and man.

"The French love peace---ambition they detest;

"But Cherburg's frightful works deny me rest.

"With joy I see new wealth for Britain shipp'd.

"Lisbon's a froward child, and should be whipp'd. 110

"Yet Portugal's our old and best ally,

"And Gallic faith is but a slender tie.

"My lords! the manufacturer's a fool;

"The clothier, too, knows nothing about wool;

"Their interests still demand our constant care; 115

"Their griefs are mine---their fears are my despair.

"My lords! my soul is big with dire alarms;

"Turks, Germans, Russians, Prussians, all in arms!

"A noble Pole (I'm proud to call him friend!)

"Tells me of things---I cannot comprehend. 120

"Your lordship's hairs would stand on end to hear

"My last dispatches from the Grand Vizier.

- " *The fears of Dantzick-merchants can't be told;*
 " *Accounts from Cracow make my blood run cold.*
 " *The state of Portsmouth, and of Plymouth Docks, 125*
 " *Your Trade---your Taxes---Army---Navy---Stocks---*
 " *All haunt me in my dreams; and, when I rise,*
 " *The Bank of England scares my open eyes:*
 " *I see---I know some dreadful storm is brewing;*
 " *Arm all your coasts---your Navy is your ruin. 130*
 " *I say it still; but (let me be believ'd)*
 " *In this your lordships have been much deceiv'd.*
 " *A noble Duke affirms, I like his plan;*
 " *I never did, my lords!---I never can---*
 " *Shame on the slanderous breath! which dares instil 135*
 " *That I, who now condemn, advis'd the ill.*
 " *Plain words, thank Heav'n! are always understood:*
 " *I could approve, I said---but not I wou'd.*
 " *Anxious to make the noble Duke content,*
 " *My view was just to seem to give consent, 140*
 " *While all the world might see that nothing less was*
 " *meant."*

While JEKYLL thus, the rich exhaustless store
 Of LANSDOWNE's rhetoric ponders o'er and o'er;
 And, wrapt in happier dreams of future days,
 His patron's triumphs in his own surveys; 145
 Admiring barristers in crowds resort
 From Figtree---Brick---Hare---Pump---and Garden-court.

Anxious

Anxious they gaze---and watch with silent awe

The motley son of politics and law.

Meanwhile, with softest smiles and courteous bows, 150

He, graceful bending, greets their ardent vows.

“ Thanks, generous friends,” he cries, “ kind Tem-
plers, thanks !

“ Tho’ now, with LANSDOWNE’S band, your JEKYLL
ranks,

“ Think not, he wholly quits *black-letter* cares ;

“ Still---still the *lawyer* with the *statesman* shares.” 155

But, see ! the shades of night o’erspread the skies !

Thick fogs and vapours from the Thames arise.

Far different hopes our separate toils inspire :

To *parchment* you, and *precedent* retire.

With deeper bronze your darkest looks imbrown, 160

Adjust your brows for the *demurring* frown :

Brood o’er the fierce *rebutters* of the bar,

And brave the *issue* of the gowned war.

Me, all unpractis’d in the bashful mood,

Strange, novice thoughts, and alien cares delude. 165

Yes, *modest* Eloquence ! ev’n *I* must court

For once, with mimic vows, thy coy support ;

Oh ! would’st thou lend the semblance of my charms !

Feign’d agitations, and assum’d alarms ;

’Twere all I’d ask :---but for one day alone 170

To ape thy downcast look---thy suppliant tone :

To

To pause---and bow with hesitating grace---

Here try to falter---there a word misplace:

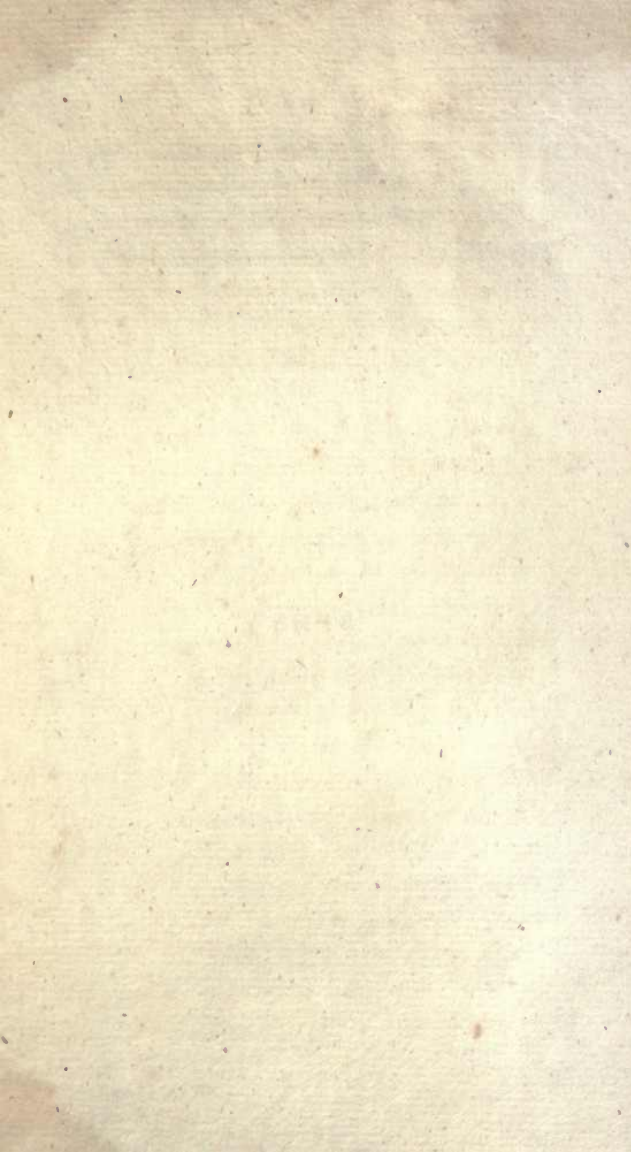
Long-banished blushes this pale cheek to teach,

And act the miseries of a *maiden speech*.

175

FINIS.







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